# The Old Couple.

## A

# COMEDY.

By

*Thomas May*, Esq;

*LONDON*,
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# Actors Names.

Sr. Argent Scrape, *An old covetous rich Knight.*
Earthworm, *An old miſerly niggard.*
Mr. Freeman.
Eugeny, *Sr. Argent Scrapes nephew.*
Euphues, *Freemans nephew, Scudmores friend.*
Theodore, *Earthworms vertuous ſon.*
Scudmore, *ſuppoſed to be ſlain by Eugeny.*
Fruitful, *The Lady Covets Chaplain, Scudmore diſguis'd.*
Barnet.
Dotterel, *A Gull, married to the Lady Whimſey.*
Truſty, *The Lady Covets Steward.*
Jaſper, *Earthworms ſervant.*
3. Neighbours *of Earthworms.*
Officers.

# Women Actors.

The Lady Covet, *Betrothed to Sr. Argent Scrape.*
Matilda, *Earthworms neece, Scudmores Love.*
Artemia, *Freemans daughter, Eugeny's Love.*
The Lady Whimſey, *Married to Dotterel.*

*Incipit*

# *Incipit Actus Primus.*

*Eugeny ſolus.*

*Eug.* THis is the hour which fair *Artemia*
Promis'd to borrow from all company,
And bleſs me only with it, to deny
Her beauteous preſence to all elſe, and ſhine
On me, poor me! within this garden here,
This happy garden, once while I was happy,
And wanted not a free acceſs unto it,
Before my fatal and accurſed crime
Had ſhut theſe gates of paradiſe againſt me,
When I without controul alone might ſpend
With ſweet *Artemia* in theſe fragrant walks
The days ſhort-ſeeming hours, and raviſh'd, hear
Her ſweet diſcourſes of the lillyes whiteneſs,
The bluſhing roſe, blew-mantled violet,
Pale-daffodil, and purple hyacinth,
With all the various ſweets, and painted gloryes
Of natures wardrobe, which were all eclips'd
By her diviner beauty; but alas!
What boots the former happineſs I had,
But to increaſe my ſorrow? my ſad crime
Has left me now no entrance but by ſtealth,
When death and danger dog my venterous ſteps.
But welcome danger, ſince thou find'ſt ſo fair
A recompence, as my *Artemiaes* ſight.

*Artemia. Eugeny.*

And art thou come, my deareſt *Eugeny?*
Has thy true love broke through ſo many hazards
To viſit me? I prethee chide my fondneſs
That did command thee ſuch a dangerous task.
I did repent it ſince, and was in hope
Thou wouldſt not come. *Eug.* Why hop'd *Artemia* ſo?
Wouldſt thou not ſee me then? or can the hazard
Of ten ſuch lives as mine is, countervail

One glance of favor from thy beauteous eyes ?
*Art.* Why doſt thou uſe that language to a heart
Which is thy captive, *Eugeny*, and lives
In nothing happy but in thee ? *Eug.* Ah! love,
There lyes my greateſt ſorrow, that the ſtorms
Of ſpiteful fortune which orewhelm my ſtate,
Should draw thy conſtant goodneſs to a ſuffring,
A goodneſs worthy of the happyeſt man.
*Art.* Thoſe ſtorms of fortune will be ſoon oreblown
When once thy cauſe ſhall be but truly known,
That chance, not malice wrought it ; and thy pardon
Will be with eaſe obtain'd *Eug.* It may be, love,
If old Sr. *Argent* do deal truly in it.
*Art.* But keep thy ſelf conceal'd, do not raſhly
Venture two lives in one, or when thou com'ſt
Let it be ſtill in ſilence of the night.
No viſitation then, or other ſtrange
Unlook'd for accident can bar our joyes.
The Moon is now in her full orb, and lends
Securer light to lovers then the Sun.
Then onely come, but prethee tell me love,
How doſt thou ſpend thy melancholy time ?
*Eug.* Within the covert of yon ſhady wood
Which cloathes the mountains rough and craggy top,
A little hovel built of boughs and reeds
Is my abode, from whence the ſpreading trees
Keep out the Sun, and do beſtow in lieu
A greater benefit, a ſafe concealment.
In that ſecure and ſolitary place,
I give my pleas'd imagination leave
To feaſt it ſelf with thy ſuppoſed preſence,
Whoſe only ſhadow brings more joy to me
Then all the ſubſtance of the world beſide.
*Art.* Juſt ſo alone am I, nay want the preſence
Of mine own heart, which ſtrayes to finde out thee.
But who comes to thee to ſupply thy wants ?
*Eug.* There *Artemia* names my happineſs,
A happineſs, which next thy love, I hold
To be the greateſt that the world can give,
And I am proud to name it. I doe there
Enjoy a friend, whoſe ſweet ſociety
Makes that dark wood a palace of delight ;
One ſtor'd with all that can commend a man,
In whom refined knowledge and pure art
Mixing with true and ſound morality
Is crown'd with piety. *Art.* What wonder's this

Whom thou deſcrib'ſt ? *Eug.* But I in vain, alas !
Doe ſtrive to make with my imperfect skill
A true diſſection of his noble parts :
He loſes, Love, by all that I can ſay,
For praiſe can come no neerer to his worth.
Then can a Painter with his mimick Sun,
Expreſs the beauty of *Hyperion*.
*Art.* What is his name ? *Eug.* His name is *Theodore*,
Rich *Earthworms* ſon, lately come home from travel.
*Art.* Oh heavens ! his ſon ! Can ſuch a caitif wretch
Hated and curſt by all, have ſuch a ſon ?
The miſer lives alone, abhorr'd by all
Like a diſeaſe, yet cannot ſo be ſcap'd,
But canker like, eats through the poor mens hearts
That live about him, never has commerce
With any but to ruine them ; his houſe
Inhoſpitable as the wilderneſs,
And never look'd upon but with a curſe :
He hoords in ſecret places of the earth
Not only bags of treaſure, but his corn,
Whoſe every grain he prizes above a life,
And never prayes at all, but for dear years.
*Eug.* For his ſons ſake tread gently on his fame.
*Art.* Oh ! Love, his fame cannot be redeem'd
From obloquy ; but thee I truſt ſo far
As highly to eſteem his worthy ſon.
*Eug.* That man is all, and more then I have ſaid :
His wondrous vertues will hereafter make
The people all forgive his father's ill.
I was acquainted with him long ago
In forreign parts. And now I think on't, Love,
He'll be the fitteſt man to be acquainted
With all our ſecreſies, and be a means
To further us ; and think I truſt his truth,
That dare ſo much commend his worth to thee.
*Art.* He is my neighbour here, that houſe is *Earthworms*,
That ſtands alone beſide yon grove of trees :
And fear not, deareſt Love, Ile finde a means
To ſend for him, doe you acquaint him firſt. *Exeunt.*

*Euphues, Dotterel, Barnet.*

*Euph.* Then ſhall I tell my cozen that you are
A younger brother, Mr. *Dotterel* ?
*Dot.* Oh yes, by any means Sir. *Euph.* What's your reaſon ?
*Dot.* A crotchet Sir, a crotchet that I have.
Here's one can tell you I have twenty of 'um.

*Bar.* *Euphues* diſſwade him not, he is reſolv'd
To keep his birth and fortunes both conceal'd,
Yet win her ſo or no way: he would know
Whether himſelf be truly lov'd or no,
And not his fortunes only. *Euph.* Well, acceſs
You have already found, purſue it Sir;
But give me leave to wonder at your way.
Another wooer to obtain his love
Would put on all his colours, ſtretch t'appear
At his full height, or a degree beyond it;
Bely his fortunes, borrow what he wan e t,
Not make himſelf leſs then he truly is.
What reaſon is there that a man poſſeſt
Of fortunes large enough, that may come boldly
A welcome ſuiter to her ſelf and frien 's,
And ten to one, ſpeed in his ſuit the fair
And uſual way, ſhould play the fool and loſe
His precious time in ſuch a hopeleſs woo ing!
*Dot.* Alas Sir, what is a Gentlemans time?
*Bar.* *Euphues* he tels you true, there are ſome brains
Can never loſe their time what ere they do:
Yet I can tell you, he has read ſome books.
*Dot.* Doe not diſparage me. *Bar.* I warrant thee,
And in thoſe books he ſays he findes ex amples
Of greateſt beauties that have ſo been won.
*Euph.* Oh! in *Pariſmus*, and the Knight o'th Sun.
Are thoſe your Authors? *Dot.* Yes, and thoſe are good ones:
Why ſhould a man of worth, though but a ſhepherd,
Deſpair to get the love of a Kings daughter?
*Euph* I prethee *Barnet* how haſt thou skrew'd up
This fool to ſuch a monſtrous confidence?
*Bar.* He needs no skrewing up; but let him have
His ſwinge a little. *Euph* He ſhall have it freely.
But you have ſeen your miſtres, Mr *Dotterel*,
How doe you finde her? coming? *Dot.* That's all one,
I know what I know. *Bar.* He has already got
Some footing in her favor. *Euph.* But I doubt
Hee'l play the tyrant, make her doat too long,
Wear the green ſickneſs as his livery,
And pine a yeer or two *Dot.* Shee's not the firſt
That has done ſo for me. *Euph.* But if you uſe
My Cozen ſo, I ſhall not take it well.
*Dot.* Oh, I proteſt I have no ſuch meaning Sir,
See, here ſhe comes, the Lady *Whimſey* too.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Whimsey, Artemia.*

*Lad.* I thought sweet heart, th'had'st wanted company.
*Art.* Why so I did yours, Madam. *Lad.* Had I known
Your house had been so full of gallants now,
I would have spar'd my visit. But 'tis all one,
I have met a friend here. *Euph.* Your poor servant, Madam.
*Lad.* I was confessing of your cozen here
About th'affairs of love. *Euph.* Your Ladiship
I hope will shrieve her gently. *Lad.* But I tell her
She shall not thank me now for seeing her,
For I have business hard by. I am going
A suitor to your old rich neighbor here,
*Earthworm.* *Euph.* A suitor? he is very hard
In granting any thing, especially
If it be money. *Lad* Yes, my suit's for money,
Nay all his money, and himself to boot.
*Bar.* His money would doe well without himself.
*Lad.* And with himself. *Bar.* Alas! your Ladiship
Should too much wrong your beauty to bestow it
Upon one that cannot use it, and debar
More able men their wishes. *Euph.* That's true, *Barnet*,
If she should bar all other men, but that
Would be too great a cruelty. *Art.* Doe you hear
My cozen Madam? *Lad.* Yes, he will be heard:
Rather then fail, he'll give himself the hearing.
But prethee *Euphues* tell me plainly now
What thou dost think of me. I love thy freeness
Better then any flattery in the world
*Euph.* I think you won drous wise. *Lad.* In what? *Euph.* In that
That makes or mars a woman, I mean love.
*Lad.* Why prethee? *Euph.* I think you understand so well
What the true use of man is, that you'll nere
Trouble your thoughts with care, or spoyl your beauty
With the green sickness, to obtain a thing
Which you can purchase a discreeter way.
*Art.* How doe you like this, Madam? *Lad.* Wondrous well,
'Tis that I look'd for. But what entertainment
Would old rich *Earthworm* give us, do you thinke?
*Bar.* Unless your presence, Madam, could infuse
A nobler soul into him, 'tis much fear'd
'Twould be but mean. *Lad.* Because (you'll say) hee's covetous:
Tut, I can work a change in any man:
If I were married to him, you should see
What I would make him. *Euph.* I beleeve we should, *aside*
If cuckolds horns were visible. *Art.* But could

Your

Your Ladyſhip be pleas'd with ſuch a husband ?
*Lad.* Who could not well be pleas'd with ſuch a fortune ?
*Art.* Wealth cannot make a man *Lad.* But his wealth, Lady,
Can make a woman. *Euph.* Yet I doubt old *Earthworm*
Would prove too ſubtle to be govern'd ſo :
You'll finde him, Madam, an old crabbed piece.
Some gentle fool were better for a husband.
*Art.* Fie, cozen, how thou talk'ſt. *Lad.* Hee's in the right :
Fools are the only husbands, one may rule'um.
Why ſhould not we deſire to uſe men ſo
As they would us ? I have heard men proteſt
They would have their wives ſilly, and not ſtudy'd
In any thing but to dreſs themſelves,
And not ſo much as able to write letters.
Juſt ſuch a husband would I wiſh to have,
So qualify'd, and not a jot beyond it,
He ſhould not have the skill to write or read.
*Art.* What could you get by that ? *Lad.* I ſhould be ſure
He could not read my letters ; and for bonds,
When I ſhould have occaſion to uſe money,
His mark would ſerve. *Art.* I am not of your minde,
I would not have a fool for all the world.
*Bar.* No, faireſt Lady, your perfections
None but the wiſeſt and the beſt of men
Can truly finde and value. *Dot.* And I proteſt, Lady,
I honour you for not loving a fool.
*Lad.* You would love a wife it ſeems that loves not you.
*Euph* A tart jeſt, *Barnet*. *Bar.* But he feels it not.
*Euph.* Fie, Mr. *Dotterel*, 'tis not nobly done
In you to hate a fool : a generous ſpirit
Would take the weakeſt parts, and fools you know
Are weakeſt ſtill. *Dot.* Faith, Mr. *Euphues*,
I muſt confeſs I have a generous ſpirit,
And do a little ſympathize with fools
I learn'd that word from a good honeſt man.
But hark you, cozen *Barnet*, this ſame Lady
Is a brave woman. *Bar.* Are you taken with her ?
*Dot.* I love a wit with all my heart. *Bar.* 'Tis well,
He is already taken off, I ſee, *Aſide*
From fair *Artemia*, or may be ſoon ;
Upon this tother I may build a fortune.
*Euph.* But, Madam, if your Ladyſhip would marry
Upon thoſe terms, 'twere better that you took
Old *Earthworms* ſon. *Lad.* Has he a ſon, I prethee ?
*Euph* Yes, lately come from travel, as they ſay,
We have not ſeen him yet, he has kept cloſe

Since

Since his arrival; people give him out
To be his father's own. *Lad.* Nay, then I swear
Ile none of him, if he be covetous
And young, I shall be troubled too long with him;
I had rather have the old one. *Art.* Here's my father.

*Enter Mr. Freeman.*

*Free.* Health to this good society; I am sorry
That my poor house must not to day enjoy
The happiness to entertain you all.
We are invited to th'old Lady *Covets*,
And thither must our company remove.
*Lad.* Sir, Ile be govern'd by you. I was bold
To come and see Mrs *Artemia*.
*Free.* Shee's much beholding to your Ladyship
For doing her that honor. *Euph.* Tell me, Uncle,
I hear Sir *Argent Scrape* is at her house.
*Free.* Nephew, 'tis true, and which thou'lt wonder at,
That marriage, which we talk'd of as a jest,
In earnest now's concluded of, and shall
To morrow morning be solemnized
*Euph.* Betwixt Sr. *Argent* and the Lady *Covet*?
I doe not thinke it strange; there's but one hedge
Has a long time divided them, I mean
Their large estates, and 'tis th'estate that marries.
*Free.* But is't not strange? nay, most unnatural?
And I may say ridiculous, for those years
To marry, and abuse the ordinance?
My Lady *Covet* is at least fourscore,
And he this year is fourscore and fifteen:
Besides, he has been bedrid long, and lame
Of both his feet. *Euph.* Uncle, hee's not too old
To love, I mean her money, and in that
The chifest end of marriage is fulfill'd,
He will increase and multiply his fortunes;
Increase you know, is the true end of marriage.
*Free.* They have already almost the whole country.
*Euph.* But you shall see how now they'll propagate
*Free.* Is such a marriage lawful? *Euph.* Ah! good Uncle,
Dispute not that, the Church has nought in this;
Their Lawyer is the Priest that marries them,
The banes of mattimony are the indentures,
The bounds and land-marks are the ring that joyns them.
*Art.* But ther's no love at all. *Euph.* Yes, pretty cozen,
If thou art read in amorous books, thou'lt finde
That Cupids arrow has a golden head,

And 'twas a golden ſhaft that wounded them.

*Free.* Well, thither we muſt go; but prethee nephew
Forbear thy jeſting there. *Euph.* I warrant you,
Ile flatter the old Lady, and perſuade her
How well ſhe looks: but when they go to bed
Ile write their epitaph. *Free.* How man? their epitaph?
Their epithalamion thou mean'ſt. *Euph.* No Sirs
Over their marriage bed Ile write their ages,
And only ſay, Here lies *Sir Argent Scrape*
Together with his wife the Lady *Covet*;
And whoſoever reads it, will ſuppoſe
The place to be a Tomb, no marriage bed.

*Lad.* How ſtrangely thou art taken with this wedding
Before thou ſeeſt it! *Euph.* And then let me ſee,
To fit them for an Hymenæan ſong,
In ſtead of thoſe ſo high and ſpirited ſtrains
Which the old Græcian Lovers us'd to ſing
When luſty Bridegrooms riffled mayden-heads,
Ile ſing a quiet dirge, and bid them ſleep
In peaceful reſt; and bid the cloathes, inſtead
Of earth, lie gently on their aged bones ———

*Free.* Thou'lt nere have done. Well, gallants, 'tis almoſt
The time that calls us, I muſt needs be gone.

*Lad.* We'll wait upon you Sir. *Free.* Your ſervant, Madam. *Exeunt.*

*Manent Artemia, Euphues.*

*Art.* Stay, cozen, I have a requeſt to thee.

*Euph.* Thou canſt not fear that Ile deny it thee:
Speak it, 'tis done. *Art.* Why then in ſhort 'tis this:
Old *Earthworm*, cozen, has a ſon they ſay
Lately come home; his name, as I have heard
Is *Theodore*. *Euph.* Yes, I have heard of him.

*Art.* I would intreat you by ſome means or other
To draw him hither, I'de fain ſpeak with him:
Ask not the cauſe, but do what I requeſt:
You may hereafter know. *Euph.* Well, Ile not queſtion't,
But bring him hither, though I know him not.

*Art.* Cozen, farewel, I ſhall be look'd for ſtraight.

*Exit Artemia. Manet Euphues.*

*Euph.* Rich *Earthworm*'s ſon? why in the name of wonder
Should it be her deſire to ſpeak with him?
She knows him not: wel, let it be a riddle,
I have not ſo much wit as to expound it;
Nor yet ſo little, as to loſe my thoughts,
Or ſtudy to finde out, what the no reaſon

Of

Of a young wenches will is: ſhould I gueſs,
I know not what to think; may ſhe have heard
That hee's a proper man, and ſo deſire
To ſatisfie her ſelf? What reaſon then
Can ſhe alledge to him? Tut, that's not it;
Her beauty, and large dower, need not to ſeek
Out any ſuitors, and the odious name
Of his old wretched father would quite choak it:
Or have ſome tattling goſſips, or the maids
Told her perchance that hee's a conjurer?
He goes in black; they ſay he is a ſcholar,
Has been beyond ſea too, there it may lie;
And he muſt ſatisfie her longing thought,
What, or how many husbands ſhe ſhall have,
Of what degree, upon what night ſhe ſhall
Dream of the man, when ſhe ſhall faſt and walk
In the Church-yard to ſee him paſſing by
Juſt in thoſe cloathes that firſt he comes a ſuitor:
Theſe things may be; but why ſhould ſhe make me
To be her inſtrument? ſome of the men
Or maids might do't as well: well, ſince you have
Us'd me, fair cozen, I will ſound your drifts,
Or't ſhall go hard. The fellow may abuſe her:
Therefore Ile watch him too, and ſtraight about it;
But now I think on't, Ile ſollicite him
By letter firſt, and meet him afterward. *Exit.*

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# *Actus Secundus.*

## *Earthworm, Theodore.*

*Earth.* I Do not more rejoyce in all my ſtores,
My wealthy bags, fill'd garners, crowded cheſts,
And all the envy'd heaps that I have glean'd
With ſo long care and labor, then I do
In thy moſt frugal nature, *Theodore*,
Concurring juſt with mine; in thee, my ſon,
I ſee, methinks, a perpetuity
Of all the projects which my ſoul has hatch'd,
And their rich fruits, I ſee my happineſs

When I consider what great hoords of wealth
With long care rak'd together, I have seen
Even in a moment scatter'd; when I view
The gawdy heirs of thriving Aldermen
Fleeting like short-liv'd bubbles into ayr,
And all that fire expiring in one blaze
That was so long a kindling. But doe thou,
Do thou my son, go on, and grow in thrift,
It is a vertue that rewards it self:
'Tis matterless in goodness who excels:
He that hath coyn, hath all perfections else
*Theod.* Sir, I am wholly yours, and never can
Degenerate from your frugality:
Or if my nature did a little stray,
Your good example would direct it still,
Till it were grown in me habitual.
*Ear.* 'Twill be a greater patrimony to thee
Then all my wealth: strive to be perfect in't,
Study the rules; one rule is general,
And that is this, Give away nothing, son,
For thrift is like a journy, every gift
Though nere so small, is a step back again.
He that would rise to riches or renown,
Must not regard, though he pull millions down.
*The.* That lesson, Sir, is easie to be learn'd.
*Ear.* Laugh at those fools that are ambitious
Of empty air, to be stil'd liberal;
That sell their substance for the breath of others,
And with the flattering thanks of idle drones
Are swell'd, while their more solid parts decay.
What cloathes to wear, the first occasion
Of wearing cloaths will teach a wise man best.
*The.* True, Sir, It teacheth us how vain a thing
It is for men to take a pride in that
Which was at first the embleme of their shame.
*Ear.* Thou hitt'st it right, but canst thou be content
With my poor diet too? *The.* Oh, wondrous well!
'Twas such a diet which that happy age
That Poets stile the golden, first did use.
*Ear.* And such a diet to our chests will bring
The golden age again. *The.* Beside the gain
That flowes upon us, health and liberty
Attend on these bare meals; if all were blest
With such a temperance, what man would fawn,
Or to his belly sell his liberty?
There would be then no slaves, no sycophants

At

At great mens tables; if the baſe *Sarmentus*,
Or that vile *Galba* had been thus content,
They had not born the ſcoffs of Cæſar's board.
He whoſe cheap thirſt the ſprings and brooks can quench,
How many cares is he exempted from?
Hee's not indebted to the merchants toile,
Nor fears that Pyrates force, or ſtormes ſhould rob him
Of rich Canaryes, or ſweet Candyan wines:
He ſmels nor ſeeks no feaſts, but in his own
True ſtrength contracted lives, and there enjoyes
A greater freedome then the Parthian King.

*Ear.* Thou mak'ſt me more in love with my bleſt life.

*The* Beſides, pure cheerful health ever attends it,
Which made the former ages live ſo long.
With riotous banquets ſickneſſes came in,
When death 'gan muſter all his diſmal band
Of pale diſeaſes, ſuch as Poets fain
Keep ſentinel before the gates of hell,
And bad them wait about the gluttons tables;
Whom they, like venom'd pills, in ſweeteſt wines
Deceiv'd ſwallow down, and haſten on
What moſt they would eſchew, untimely death.
But from our tables here no painful ſurfets,
No fed diſeaſes grow, to ſtrangle nature,
And ſuffocate the active brain; no feavers,
No apoplexies, palſies or catarrhs
Are here, where nature not entic'd at all
With ſuch a dangerous bait as pleaſant cates
Takes in no more then ſhe can govern well.

*Ear.* But that which is the greateſt comfort, ſon,
Is to obſerve, with pleaſure our rich hoords
Dayly increaſe, and ſtuff the ſwelling bags:
Come, thou art mine, I ſee; here take theſe keys, *Keyes.*
Theſe keyes can ſhew thee ſuch amazing plenty,
Whoſe very ſight would feed a famiſh'd country.
I durſt not truſt my ſervants. *The.* Me you may,
Who equal with my life do prize your profit

*Ear.* Well, Ile go in, I feel my ſelf half ſleepy
After the drinke I took. *The.* 'Twill do you good, Sir. *exit.*
Work ſweetly, gentle cordial, and reſtore
Thoſe ſpirits again, which pining avarice
Has 'reft him of; ay me! how wondrous thin,
How lean and wan he looks! how much alas!
Has he defrauded his poor Genius,
In raking wealth? while the pale grifly ſighs
Of famine dwell upon his aged cheeks.

Oh avarice! then thee a greater plague
Did nere infeſt the life of wretched man.
Heaven ayd my work; that rare extraction
Which he has drunk, beſide the nouriſhment,
Will caſt him in a ſafe and gentle ſleep,
While I have liberty to work my ends,
And with his body's cure, a means Ile finde
To cure his fame, and which is more, his minde.

*Enter Jaſper.*

*Jaſper? Jaſp.* Sir. *Theod.* Are the diſguiſes ready
Which I beſpoke? *Jaſp.* They are all fitted Sir.
*Theod.* Then at the hour which I appointed thee,
Invite thoſe people *Jaſper*, but be true
And ſecret to me. *Jaſp.* As your own heart Sir.
*The* Take this, I will reward thy ſervice better, *Counters.*
Aſſoon as theſe occaſions are diſpatch'd.
*Jaſp.* I thank you Sir. I have a letter for you *Letter.*
Left here but now from Mr. *Euphues*,
Old Mr. *Freeman's* nephew. *The.* Give it me,
I will anon peruſe it, but my haſt
Permits not now, *Eugeny* waits my coming. *Exit Theod.*
*Jaſp.* I like this well yet, if I ſhould prove falſe
To my old maſter for my young maſters ſake,
Who can accuſe me? for the reaſon's plain
And very palpable, I feel it here:
This will buy ale, ſo will not all the hoords
Which my old maſter has: his money ſerves
For nothing but to look upon; but this
Knows what the common uſe of money is:
Well, for my own part, I'm reſolv'd to do
Whatever he commands me, hee's too honeſt
To wrong his father in it; if he ſhould,
The worſt would be his own another day. *Exit.*

*Eugeny ſolus.*

*Eug.* Juſt thus in woods and ſolitary caves
The ancient hermits liv'd, but they liv'd happy,
And in their quiet contemplations found
More real comforts, then ſociety
Of men could yeeld, then cities could afford,
Or all the luſtres of a court could give;
But I have no ſuch ſweet preſervatives
Againſt the ſadneſs of this deſert place,
I am my ſelf a greater wilderneſs
Then are theſe woods, where horror and diſmay

Make

Make their abodes, while different passions
By turns do reign in my distracted soul.
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things shall help th'unfortunate man to fall.
First, sorrow comes, and tells me I have done
A crime, whose foulness must deserve a sea
Of pœnitent tears to wash me clean again;
Then fear steps in, and tels me if surpriz'd,
My wretched life is forfeit to the Law;
When these have done, enters the Tyrant Love,
And sets before me the fair *Artemia*,
Displayes her vertues and perfections,
Tels me, that all those graces, all those beauties
Suffer for me, for my unhappiness,
And wounds me more in her then in my self.
Ah *Theodore*! would I could ever sleep,
But when thou com'st; for in my self I find
No drop of comfort; welcome dearest friend.

*Enter Theodore.*

*The.* Pardon the slowness of my visit, friend,
For such occasions have detain'd me hence,
As if thou knew'st, I know thou would'st excuse.
*Eug.* I must confess, I thought the hours too long,
But the fruition of thy presence now
Makes me forget it all. *The.* Collect thy self,
Thou droop'st too much, my dearest *Eugeny*,
And art too harsh and sour a censurer
Of that unhappy crime, which thou wert fore'd
Lately to act; I did allow in thee
That lawful sorrow that was fit, but let
Well grounded comforts cure thee; nought extream
Is safe in man. *Eug.* 'Tis time must work that cure.
*The.* But why thy pardon is not yet obtain'd,
Let me be free in my conjectures to thee.
*Eug.* Speak, friend, as to thy self. *The.* *Sir Argent Scrape*
Your old rich kinsman, who to morrow morning
Is to be married to the Lady *Covet*.
*Eug.* Is that match come about? oh avarice!
What monsters thou begett'st in this vile age!
*The.* *Sr. Argent Scrape*, I say, is next heir male
On whom thy whole estate was long ago
Entail'd. *Eug.* 'Tis true. *The.* He must inherit it
Should thy life fail. *Eug.* 'Tis granted. *The.* Then, frien', hear,
What not a bare conjecture, but strong grounds
Move me to utter; think upon that word

Thou

Thou ſpok'ſt ſo lately, thinke what avarice
Can make her bondmen do, that ſuch a price
As fifteen hundred pounds a year, will make
Him labor not thy pardon, but thy death.

*Eug.* Can there be ſuch a miſcreant in nature?

*The.* I ſhould not thinke ſo, if I weigh'd him only
As hee's thy kinſman. I have been inform'd
He labors under hand to apprehend thee
Juſt at the aſſizes now, and has layd plots
To ſtop all pardons, which in that ſhort time
Might be procur'd; and then what bribes may do
In haſtening execution, doe but conſider:
If this be falſe, ſome Courtiers have abus'd
His fame. And pardon me, my deareſt friend,
If I ſuſpect the worſt for fear of thee.

*Eug.* When I conſider what accurſt effects
Proceed from wretched avarice, I begin
To feel a fear. *The.* This very age hath given
Horrid examples lately, brothers have been
Betray'd by brothers in that very kinde:
When pardons have been got by the next heirs,
They have arriv'd too late. No tie ſo neer,
No band ſo ſacred, but the curſed hunger
Of gold has broken't, and made wretched men
To fly from nature, mock religion,
And trample under feet the holyeſt Laws.

*Eug.* He has been ever noted for that vice,
Which with his age, has ſtill grown ſtronger in him.

*The.* Ah *Eugeny*! how happy were that laſt
Age of a man, when long experience
Has taught him knowledge, taught him temperance,
And freed him from ſo many looſe deſires
In which raſh youth is plung'd, were not this vice:
But heark, heark friend, what raviſhing ſound is that?

*Eug.* Ha! wondrous ſweet! 'tis from th'adjoyning thicket.

*Song.*

*This is not the Elyſian Grove,*
*Nor can I meet my ſlaughter'd Love*
*Within theſe ſhades; come death, and be*
*At laſt as mercifull to me,*
*As in my deareſt* Scudmore's *fall,*

*Thou*

*Thou ſhew'dſt thy ſelf tyrannical.*
*Then did I die, when he was ſlain:*
*But kill me now; I live again;*
*And ſhall go meet him in a greve,*
*Fairer then any here, above.*

*Oh! let this wofnl breath expire:*
*Why ſhould I wiſh* Evadne's *fire,*
*Sad* Portia's *coals, or* Lucrece *knife,*
*To rid me of a loathed life?*
*'Tis ſhame enough that grief alone,*
*Kils me not now, when thou art gone.*
*But life, ſince thou art ſlow to go,*
*Ile puniſh thee for laſting ſo,*
*And make thee piece-meal every day,*
*Diſſolve to tears and melt away.*

*The.* Ah *Eugeny!* ſome heavenly nymph deſcends
To make thee muſick in theſe deſert woods,
To quench or feed thy baleful melancholy:
It is ſo ſweet, I could almoſt beleeve,
But that 'tis ſad, it were an Angel's voice.
*Eug.* What in the name of miracle is this?
*The.* Remove not thou; Ile make diſcovery
Within this thicket. *Eug.* Ha! what means thy wonder?
What doſt thou ſee? *The.* I know not how to tell thee;
Now I could wiſh my ſelf to be all eyes,
As erſt all ears. I ſee a ſhape as fair
And as divine as was the voyce it ſent;
But clouded all with ſorrow: a fair woman,
If by a name ſo mortal I may term her.
In ſuch a ſorrow ſate the queen of Love,
When in the woods ſhe wail'd *Adonis* death,
And from her cryſtal-dropping eyes did pay
A Lovers obſequy. *Eug.* Let me come neer.
*The.* Sure, black is Cupid's colour; death and he
Have chang'd their liveries now, as in the fable
They did their quivers once. *Eug.* Ah! woe is me!
*The.* What means that woe? *Eug.* Ah *Theodore*! my guilt
Purſues me to the woods, no place can keep
The monuments of my miſdeeds away.
*The.* I underſtand you not. *Eug.* It is *Matilda*
The ſlaughter'd *Scudmore*'s Love, his vertuous Love.

Whoſe life by me unhappily was ſpilt.
The ſad melodious ditty, which ſo late
Did pierce our raviſh'd ears, was but the note
Of this fair turtle, for her ſlaughter'd mate:
In which ( perchance ) amidd'ſt her woes, ſhe ſends
Black curſes up againſt my ſpotted ſelf.
But I with prayers and bleſſings will repay
What ere thou vent'ſt 'gainſt me. Oh! do not wiſh
More wretchedneſs to my diſtracted ſoul
Then I already feel. Sad ſighs and tears
Are all the ſatisfaction that is left
For me to make to thy dead Love and thee.

*The.* Thoſe lips can vent no curſes; 'twould take off
Much from the ſweetneſs of her vertuous ſorrow.
Where lives this lovely maid? *Eug.* In the next village.

*The.* Has ſhe a father living? *Eug.* No friend, he died
When ſhe was in her infancy; her mother
Two yeers ago deceas'd, and left her all
The ſubſtance that ſhe had, which was not great,
But does maintain her: in that little houſe
Ere ſince this fatal accident, ſhe lives
A miracle of truth and conſtancy,
Wayling her Loves, and now it ſeems was come
To vent her woful paſſions to the woods.

*The.* How happy had he been in ſuch a Love,
If fate had ſpar'd his life! but he is dead, *Aſide.*
And time at laſt may wear this ſorrow off,
And make her reliſh the true joyes of love.
But why do I thus wander in my thoughts?
This paſſion muſt be curb'd in the beginning,
'Twill prove too ſtubborn for me if it grow.

*Eug.* Come, let us to my cave, as we intended,
Ere this ſad object ſtayd us. *The.* Sad indeed,
Beleeve me friend, I ſuffer with thee in it.
But we were wounded in two different kindes.
Come, let's be gone, though I could ſtill dwell here. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Matilda.*

*Mat.* Methought I heard a noiſe within the wood,
As if men talk'd together not far off,
But could diſcover none. The time has been
In ſuch a ſolitary place as this
I ſhould have trembled at each moving leaf;
But ſorrow and my miſerable ſtate
Have made me bold. If there be ſavages
That live by rapine in ſuch woods as theſe,

As

As I have heard in ancient times there were,
My wretched ſtate would move their pity rather
Then violence. Ile confidently go,
Guarded with nothing but my innocence. *Exit.*

*Enter Fruitful, Truſty.*

*Fru.* Come, maſter Steward, you have had a time
Of ſweating for this wedding. *Tru.* I have tane
A little pains to day, your's Mr. *Fruitful*
Is yet to come, I mean your ſermon
*Fru.* Yes, but the pains are paſt, and that's the ſtudy.
But to our buſineſs that more concerns us:
Is the deed ready written that my Lady
Muſt ſeal to day? *Tru.* Do you beleeve ſhee'l ſeal it?
*Fru.* I warrant you, I have ſo follow'd her,
And layd it to her conſcience, that I dare
Hazard my life 'tis done. *Tru.* Well, here's the deed,
'Tis plainly written *Fru.* Ile peruſe't anon.
I know the other feoffees are as true
And honeſt men as any are i'th' world. *Exit Truſty.*

*Enter Freeman, Euphues, Barnet, Dotterel, Lady Whimſey.*

*Free.* Save you, Mr. *Fruitful.* *Fru.* Worthy Mr. *Freeman.*
*Free.* How does my Lady Sir? I have made bold
To bring her company. *Fru.* Pleaſe you draw neer Sir,
I will goe up and ſignifie unto my Lady *Exit Fruit.*
That you are here. *Bar.* What's he? her Chaplain, *Euphues?*
*Eup.* Oh, yes. *Lad.* She uſes praying then it ſeems
*Eup.* Yes, Madam, and faſting too, but gives no alms.
*Lad.* Cannot he teach her that? *Eup.* 'Tis to be doubted:
But he has other wayes which are far ſafer,
To ſpeak againſt the faſhion, againſt painting,
Or fornication; if he were your Chaplain,
He would inveigh as much 'gainſt covetouſneſs.
*Lad.* He would hurt me little in that; but has he learning?
*Euph.* No ſurely, Madam, he is full of knowledge
But has no learning at all; he can expound,
But underſtands nothing: *One thing in him*
*Is excellent, though he doe hate the Biſhops,*
*He would not make them guilty of one ſin,*
*Which was to give him orders, for he hates*
*Orders as much as them.* *Free.* Well, I have heard
Though he came lately to her, he has got
A great hand over her, and ſwayes her conſcience
Which way he liſt. *Eup.* Uncle, 'tis very eaſie

To rule a thing ſo weak as is her conſcience,
Ile undertake that a twin'd thread would doe it
As well as a ſtrong cable; if he could
Rule her eſtate too, he would have a place on't.
*Free.* Why that will follow tother. *Euph.* I thinke not,
Rather her conſcience follows her eſtate;
Oppreſſion had not elſe increas'd it ſo
She wrong'd a worthy friend of mine, young *Scudmore*,
And by meer fraud and bribery took away
His whole eſtate, five hundred pound a yeer.
*Free.* I muſt confeſs, 'twas a foul cauſe indeed,
And he poor man lack'd means to proſecute
The cauſe againſt her. But he feels it not
At this time, nephew. *Bar.* Was't that *Scudmore*, Sir,
Whom *Eugeny* Sir *Argent Scrapes* young kinſman
Unfortunately kill'd? *Free.* The ſame. Well, let
All theſe things paſs, we come now to be merry.
*Lad.* Let's eat up her good chear; a niggards feaſt,
Is beſt they ſay. *Dot.* Shall we have wine good ſtore?
*Bar.* Oh! fear not that. *Dot* Hold belly, hold, yfaith?
*Bar.* Yes, and brain too. *Dot.* Nay, for my braine
Let me alone, I fear not that, no wine
Can hurt my braine. *Lad.* Say you ſo, Mr. *Dotterel?*
Why ſuch a braine I love *Dot.* Madam, I am glad
I had it for you. *Lad.* For me, Sir? *Dot.* Yes, Lady,
'Tis at your ſervice, ſo is the whole body.
Did I not tickle her there, old Lad? *Bar.* Yes, rarely.
*Lad.* Shall I preſume to call you ſervant then?
*Dot.* Oh Lord! Madam! if I were worthy to be!
*Lad.* Nay, I know you have good courtſhip, ſervant,
Wear this for my ſake. *Dot.* 'Tis your livery, Madam. *Scarf.*
*Bar.* Well, th'art a happy man, if thou knew'ſt all.
*Euph.* Madam, I ſee your Ladyſhip can tell
How to make choice in dealing of your favors.
*Dot.* It pleaſes you to ſay ſo, good Mr. *Euphues.*
*Euph.* Why Sir, I ſpeak but of the Ladyes judgment.
*Dot.* 'Twas more of her curteſie then my deſert.

*Enter Lady Covet on crutches.*

*Euph.* Here comes the Lady bride. *Free.* Joy to your Ladyſhip,
*Lad. Cov.* I thanke you Sir, yo'are very welcome all.
*Free.* I have made bold to bring my friends along
As you commanded Lady. *Lad. Cov.* They are moſt welcome.
*Euph.* Me thinks your Ladyſhip looks freſh to day,
And like a bride indeed. *Lad. Cov.* Ah Mr. *Euphues!*
You I perceive can flatter. *Euph.* Does your glaſs

Tell

Tell you I flatter Madam? *Lad. Cov.* Beſtow this
Upon young mayds, but let me tell you, Sir,
Old folks may marry too, it was ordain'd
At firſt to be as well a ſtay to age,
As to pleaſe youth; we have our comforts too,
Though we be old. *Euph.* Madam, I doubt it not:
You are not yet ſo old, but you may have
Your comfort well, and if *Sir Argent Scrape*
Were but one threeſcore yeers younger then h'is
*Bar.* What a ſtrange *but* thou mak'ſt? *Eup* You would perceive it.
*Lad. Whi.* Servant, could you finde in your heart to marry
Such an old bride? *Dot.* No miſtreſs, I proteſt
I had rather have none. *Lad. Whi.* What age would you deſire
To chuſe your wife of? *Dot.* Juſt as old as you are.
*Lad. Whim.* Well, ſervant, I beleeve you can diſſemble.
*Lad. Cov.* Wil't pleaſe you to draw neer? *Sir Argent* ſtayes
Expecting within. *Free.* Wee'l wait upon you. *Exeunt.*

*Manent Barnet, Dottrel.*

*Bar.* To what ſtrange fortune, friend, are ſome men born?
I mean by thee; ſurely when thou wert young,
The fayries dandled thee. *Dot.* Why prethee *Barnet?*
*Bar.* That Ladyes thus ſhould doat upon thy perſon:
Doſt thou not ſee how ſoon the Lady *Whimſey*
Is caught in love with thee? *Dot* But is ſhe think'ſt thou?
*Bar.* Is ſhe? Come, thou perceiv'ſt it well enough;
What elſe ſhould make her court thee, and beſtow
Her favors openly? and ſuch a Lady
So full of wit as ſhe is too, would ſhe
Betray the ſecrets of her heart ſo far,
But that Love playes the Tyrant in her breſt,
And forces her? *Dot.* True, and as thou ſayeſt, *Barnet*,
Shee's a brave witty Lady, and I love
A wit with all my heart. What would ſhe ſay
If ſhe ſhould know me truly, that thus loves,
And thinkes I am but a poor younger brother?
*Bar.* Why ſtill the greater is thy happineſs,
Thou may'ſt be ſure ſhe loves thee truly now,
And not thy fortunes. *Dot.* Has ſhe found me out
For all I ſought to hide my ſelf? *Bar.* The more
Thy worth appears, the more her judgment's ſeen.
Oh! 'tis a gallant Lady! Well, ſhe might
Have caſt her eye on me, or *Euphues*,
But 'twas not our good fortune. *Dot.* Doe not deſpair,
Some other woman may love thee as well,
Come, thou haſt worth, *Barnet*, as well as I.

*Bar.* Nay, nay, abuſe not your poor friends, but tell me
What doſt thou thinke of young *Artemia* now?
*Dot.* Of her! a fooliſh girl, a ſimple thing,
Shee'd make a pretty wife for me: I confeſs
I courted her, but ſhe had not the wit
To finde out what I was for all my talke.
*Bar.* And that was ſtrange ſhe ſhould not, but 'tis fate
That governs marriages *Dot.* Let her repent,
And know what ſhe hath loſt, when 'tis too late.
But doſt thou thinke this gallant Lady *Whimſey*
Will marry me? *Bar.* Mak'ſt thou a doubt of that?
'Tis thy own fault boy, if thou haſt her not.
*Dot.* That I proteſt it ſhall not be; but tell me,
Shall I expreſs my love to her in verſe
Or proſe? *Bar.* In which you will. *Dot.* I am alike
At both of them indeed. *Bar.* I know thou art.
*Dot.* Come, let's goe in. *Bar.* Thou long'ſt to ſee thy miſtreſs.
*Dot.* Wee'l drink her health in a crown'd cup, my Lad. *Exeunt.*

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# *Actus Tertius.*

*Theodore, Neighbours.* Sacks.

*The.* COme neighbours, pray draw neer; my fellow *Jaſper*
Has told you wherefore you were ſent for hither.
1. *Nei.* I, I thank you friend. 2. *Nei.* And my good maſter too.
*The.* My maſter touch'd with ſorrow and remorſe
For that unhappy error of his life,
That fault (alas!) which by too true a name
Is termed miſery, determines now
By deeds of tender charity, to make
The wronged poor amends, and to the world
Declare the fruits of a reformed life.
And firſt your pardon, neighbours, he would beg,
And next to Heaven, be reconcil'd to you.
1. *Nei.* Now bleſſing on his heart. 2. *Nei.* Good tender ſoul!
3. *Neig.* I ever thought him a right honeſt man.
*The.* He that before did churliſhly engroſs
And lock thoſe bleſſings up, which from the hand
Of Heaven were ſhow'r'd upon him, has at laſt
Found their true uſe, and will henceforth redeem

The

The former miſpent time. His wealthy ſtores
Shall be no longer ſhut againſt the poor;
His bags ſeal'd up no longer, to debar
The courſe of fitting bounty. To you all
Of corn and money, weekly he'll allow
In recompenſe a greater quantity
By far, then men of greater rank ſhall do:
Nor will he come himſelf to take your thanks,
Till, as he ſayes, he has deſerv'd them better.
Mean time by me, he pours his bounty forth,
Which he deſires with greateſt ſecrecy
May be perform'd; for all vainglorious ſhowes
And oſtentation does his ſoul abhor:
He ſounds no trumpet to beſtow his almes,
Nor in the ſtreets proclaimes his charity;
Which makes the vertue vice, nor would he have
The world take notice of you at his doors.

1. *Nei.* See, ſee, religious man! 2. *Neig.* Ah neigbour!
Some in the world have been miſtaken in him

*The.* Nor would he have you blaze his bounty forth,
And prayſe him openly. Forbear it, neighbours;
Your private prayers only he deſires,
And hearty wiſhes: for true charity
Though nere ſo ſecret, findes a juſt reward.
I am his ſervant newly entertain'd,
But one to whom he does commit the truſt
Of his deſires in this, and I ſhould wrong
His goodneſs ſtrangely, if I ſhould keep back
The leaſt of what his bounty doth intend.
Come in with me, Ile fill your ſacks with corn,
And let you ſee what money he beſtows.

*Omnes Neig.* We'll pray to Heaven to reward his goodneſs. *Exeunt.*

*Euphues, Barnet.*

*Euph.* Our *Dotterel* then is caught? *Bar.* He is, and juſt
As *Dotterels* uſe to be: the Lady firſt
Advanc'd toward him, ſtretch'd forth her wing, and he
Met her with all expreſſions, and is caught
As faſt in her lime-twigs as he can be
Until the Church confirm it. *Euph.* There will be
Another brave eſtate for her to ſpend.

*Bar.* Others will be the better for't, and if
None but a *Dotterel* ſuffer for't, what loſs
Of his can countervail the leaſt good fortune
That may from thence blow to another man?

*Euph.* She ſpent her tother husband a great fortune.

*Bar.* *Dotterel*'s eſtate will finde her work again

For

For a great while ; two thouſand pounds a yeer
Cannot be melted ſuddenly; when 'tis,
Men can but ſay, her prodigality
Has done an act of juſtice, and tranſlated
That wealth which fortunes blindneſs had miſplac'd
On ſuch a fellow ; what ſhould he doe with it ?
*Euph.* And thou ſay'ſt right, ſome men were made to be
The conduit pipes of an eſtate, or rather
The ſives of fortune, through whoſe leaking holes
She means to ſcatter a large flood of wealth,
Beſprinkling many with refreſhing ſhowers :
So uſurers, ſo dying Aldermen
Pour out at once upon their ſive-like heirs
Whole guſts of envy'd wealth ; which they together
Through many holes let out again in ſhowers,
And with their ruine water a whole country.
But will it ſurely be a match? *Bar.* As ſure
As the two old death's-heads to morrow morning
Are to be joyn'd together. *Euph.* Who, *Sir Argent*
And his Lady ? *Bar.* Yes, if ſhe keep touch
In what ſhe promiſ'd me, Ile undertake
Her *Dotterel* ſhall be ſure, and given to her
In matrimony. *Euph.* Given to his wife ?
I ſee thou mean'ſt in *Dotterel* to bring back
The ancient Spaniſh cuſtome, where the women
Inherited the land, rul'd the eſtates ;
The men were given in marriage to the women
With portions, and had joyntures made to them :
Juſt ſo will be his caſe, he will be marryed
Unto a brave ſubjection : How the fool
Is caught in his own nooſe ! what confidence
Had he, that he would never marry any
But ſuch forſooth, as muſt firſt fall in love
With him, not knowing of his wealth at all ?
*Bar.* Well, now he's fitted : he begun at firſt
With fair *Artemia*. *Euph.* He might have told
Her of his wealth, and miſt her too, or elſe
I am deceiv'd in her ; true vertuous love
Cannot be bought ſo baſely : ſhe beſides
Has been in love, I'm ſure, and may be ſtill,
Though he be fled the land. But now I thinke on't,
I muſt go ſee whether old *Earthworms* ſon
Have yet perform'd what ſhe deſir'd ; ſhe ſtays
At home *Bar.* Ile in, and ſee how *Dotterel*
Courts his brave miſtreſs : I left him compoſing
A ſonnet to her. There are the old couple

Within

Within too. *Euph.* If a man could get to heare
Their way of courting, 'twould be full as ſtrange
As *Dotterel's* is ridiculous: but ſtay.

*Sir Argent Scrape, Lady Covet, brought in chaires.*

Here comes the lovely Bride and Bridegroom forth:
Prithee let's venture to ſtay here a little
Behinde the hangings man; we ſhall be ſure
To heare their love; they are both ſomewhat deafe,
And muſt ſpeak lowd. *Bar.* Content, Ile ſtay with thee.
*S. Arg.* Leave us a while; now, Madam, you have ſeene
So have your learned counſel, that I deal
Squarely with you; my perſonal eſtate
Is no leſſe worth then I profeſt, when firſt
I mov'd my loving ſuit. *Bar.* I marry, Sir,
A loving ſuit indeed. *Euph.* Let um go on
In their own proper dialect. *La. Co.* I finde it,
And ſhould be loath but to requite your truth
In the ſame kinde; you ſeem'd at firſt to queſtion
How ſtrong my title was in that eſtate
Which was yong *Scudmore's* once; 'tis a fair mannor.
*Euph.* 'Tis true, old rottenneſſe, too good for you.
*La. Co.* My counſel can enforme you that I kept it,
And did enjoy poſſeſſion while he liv'd;
And now he's dead, who ſhould recover it?
The heires are poore and beggarly. *S. Arg.* Nay, I think
We needs not feare their ſuing againſt us.
*La. Co.* If they ſhould ſtirre, a little piece of money
Would ſtop their mouths. *Euph.* A little piece of durt
Will ſtop your mouth ere long, and then the ſuit
Will goe againſt thee, miſchief. *Bar.* Prithee peace;
Thou art not merry now, but cholericke.
*Euph.* I think of my wrong'd frend. *La. Co.* But you were ſaying
You made no doubt but ſhortly to enjoy
Your kinſman *Eugeny's* eſtate; that were
A fair addition to your land; they ſay
It goes at fifteen hundred pound a year.
*S. Arg.* 'Tis true, and 'tis well worth it. *La. Co.* But what hopes
Have you to gain it ſhortly? *S. Arg.* He, you know
By *Scudmore's* death has forfeited his life
Unto the law; and the eſtate's entail'd
On me as the next heir. *La. Co.* But he is fled.
*S. Arg.* No, no, I know he lurks not farre from hence,
And I ſhall ſhortly learne the very place
By ſome intelligence: I have provided
My ſecret ſcouts; and then you know th'aſſizes

Are now at hand ; the time will be too ſhort
To get a pardon, ſpecially as I
Have lay'd ſome friends to ſtall it underhand.
*Euph.* Here's a new miſchief *Barnet*. *Bar.* And a ſtrange one.
*Lad. Cov.* And then you muſt not ſpare a little money
To haſten execution at an hour
Unuſual ; thoſe things may well be done,
Elſe what were money good for ? *Sir. Arg.* You ſay right.
If 'twere once come to that, I fear it not.
*Lad. Cov.* Well, Sir, I ſee all's right and ſtraight between us;
You underſtand how welcome you are hither,
I need not tell it o'er again. *Sir Arg.* No, Lady,
I will be bold to ſay, I doe not come
Now as a ſtranger, but to take poſſeſſion
Both of your houſe and you. *Euph.* He cannot ſpeak
Out of that thriving language in his love.
*Lad. Cov.* Will you goe in again ? our gueſts perhaps
Thinke the time long. *Sir Arg.* With all my heart:
A cup of ſack would not doe much amiſs.
*Lad. Cov.* We'll have it with a toaſt. Who's neer there, ho!

*Enter Servants, and carry them out.*

*Bar.* What a ſtrange kinde of pageant have we ſeen ?
*Euph. Barnet*, I cannot tell, whether ſuch ſtrange
Unſatiable deſires in theſe old folks
That are half earth already, ſhould be thought
More impious, or more ridiculous.
*Bar.* They are both alike. *Euph.* But a monſtrous
Unnatural plot as his, to apprehend
His kinſman, I nere heard of ; If I knew
Where *Eugeny* remain'd, though 'twere his fortune
To kill a friend of mine, I'd reſcue him
From this unnatural and wolviſh man.
*Bar.* That would betray his life to ſatisfie
His avarice, not juſtice of the Law.

*Enter Dotterel, Lady Whimſey.*

Here comes another piece of matrimony
That may be ſhortly. *Euph.* 'Tis better far then tother;
They are the laſt couple in hell. *Dot.* Save you gallants.
*Bar.* You are the gallant, Sir, that on your arm
Do wear the trophies of a conquer'd Lady.
*Euph.* Madam, I had almoſt miſtaken my ſalutation,
And bid, God give you joy. *Lad. Whim.* Of what I prethee ?
*Euph.* Of this young gallant, call him by what name
Or title you are pleas'd, husband or ſervant.

*Bar.*

*Bar.* He may be both, Sir, he is not the first
Has been a husband and a ſervant too.
*Dot.* I am her ſervant, Sir, and I confeſs
Have an ambition, and ſo forth. *Lad. Whim.* How now ſervant?
*Euph.* I tell you truly, Madam, 'tis reported
(And thoſe reports are fatal ſtill you know)
That Mr. *Dotterel* and you are purpos'd
To bear th'old Knight and Lady company
To morrow to the Church. *Lad. Whim.* That I confeſſe,
And ſo will you I thinke. *Euph.* Nay, but to do
As they do Madam, ty the laſting knot.
*Lad. Whim.* Do you heare, ſervant? this it is to have
So proper a ſervant, every one ſuppoſes
I muſt needes be in love. *Dot.* I would you were
As deepe in Cupid's bookes as I. *Euph.* That is
In Cupid's favour. You are a happy man.
*Lad. Whim.* My ſervant has been ſearching Cupid's bookes
I thinke, to finde that Sonnet that he gave me.
Are you content that I ſhould ſhew your poetry?
*Dot.* Do Miſtris, I am not aſham'd on't.
But you ſhall give me leave to read it to um.
'Tis but a Sonnet, Gentlemen, that I fitted
To my fair Miſtris here. *Euph.* Let us be happy
To heare it Sir. *Dot.* Take it as it is: *A paper.*

*Deare, do not your fair beauty wrong,* *He readeſ.*
*In thinking ſtill you are too yong.*

— *Euph.* How! too yong!
*Bar.* Let him alone, I know the ſong.

Dot. *The roſe and lillies in youre cheeke*
*Flouriſh, and no more ripeneſſe ſeeke.*
*Your cherry-lip red, ſoft, and ſweete,*
*Proclaimes ſuch fruit for taſt moſt meete.*
*Then loſe no time, for love has wings,*
*And flies away from aged things.*

How do you it like, Gentlemen? *Euph.* Very well.
The ſong's a good one. *Bar.* Oh monſtrous!
Never man ſtole with ſo little judgement.
*Euph.* Of all the love-ſongs that were ever made,
He could not have choſe out one more unfit,
More palpably unfit; that muſt betray
His moſt ridiculous theft. *Lad. Whim.* Who would have thought
My Servant ſhould ſuppoſe, I think my ſelf
Too yong to love, that have already had

One husband. *Euph.* Oh excuſe him, gentle Madam,
He found it in the ſong. *Bar.* And it ſhould ſeeme
He could get no other ſong but this.
*Lad. Whim.* Surely, a woman of five and thirty year old,
Is not too young to love. *Bar.* Oh ſpare him, Madam.
*Euph.* Let's raiſe him up; I think the Sonnet 's good,
There's ſomewhat in't to th' purpoſe; read it again.
*Euph.* ——— For taſt moſt meete. *He readeſ it.*
Very good; and there he tickled it.
Mark'd you that, Madam? the two laſt of all?
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings
He gives you fitting counſel. *Lad. Whim.* Yes, I like it.
*Dot.* I thought when they underſtood it, they would like it.
I am ſure, I have heard this ſong prais'd ere now.
*Lad. Whim.* This dot's deſerve a double favour, ſervant.
*Dot.* Let this be the favour, ſweete Miſtres. *Kiſſes.*
*Euph.* How ſome mens poetry happens to be rewarded!
*Lad. Whim.* Shall we goe in? but prithee *Euphues*
What is the reaſon ſweet *Artemia*
Thy Cozen is not here? *Euph.* I know not, Madam,
But her pretence was buſineſſe; I am going
To viſit her: if you goe in to keepe
Th'old couple company, Ile fetch her to you.
*Lad. Whim.* I prithee do, farewell; come ſervant,
Shall we goe in? *Dot.* Ile wait upon you, Miſtres. *Exeunt.*

*Theodore. Artemia.*

*Theod.* I Will acquaint him, Lady, with the hour,
And to his longing eare deliver all
Your ſweete ſalutes; which is the only aire
Of life and comfort *Eugeny* takes in.
Your conſtant love and vertues, ſweeteſt Lady,
Are thoſe preſervatives, which from his heart
Expel the killing fits of melancholy,
And do in ſpite of fortune quicken him.
*Art.* Oh would thoſe comforts could arrive at him,
That from my wiſhing thoughts are hourly ſent.
*Theod.* Such vertuous wiſhes ſeldome are in vain.
*Art.* I ſhould be farre more ſad in the behalf
Of my deare *Eugeny*, but that I know
He does enjoy your ſweet ſociety,
Which he beyond all value does eſteem.
*Theod* His own is recompence enough for mine,
And I the gainer in it; did not grief
For his misfortune ſtain that perfect joy
Which I could take in his deare company.

*Art.*

*Art.* If I ſhould ſpeak, Sir, how he values you,
I ſhould too much oppreſſe your modeſty.
*Theod.* Our friendſhip, faireſt Lay, is more old,
And he more true then that his heart ſo long
Should be unknown to me. Ile not be long.
Before I viſit him, to let him know
What hour ſhall make him happy in your ſight.
My longer ſtay, ſweete Lady, might be more
Obſerv'd, and pry'd into. Let me be bold
To leave you now, but be your ſervant ever.
*Art.* All happineſſe attend you, worthy Sir, *Exit Theodore.*
Would I my ſelf might goe as well as ſend,
And ſee that ſeeming ſolitary place,
That place of woe. Sure it would be to me
No deſert wood while *Eugeny* were there,
But a delightful palace. Here at home,
The more that company comes in, the more
I am alone methinkes; wanting that object
On which my heart is fix'd, I cannot be
Poſſeſt of any thing. Nothing can be
My comfort, but a hope that theſe ſad clouds
Of our misfortunes will at laſt blow over.
But miſchief 's like a cockatrices eyes,
Sees firſt, and kils; or is ſeene firſt, and dies.

*Enter Euphues.*

*Euph.* How doſt thou, Couz'? I wrot a letter for thee
To *Earthwormes* ſonne; has the yong ten i'th' hundred
Been here? *Art.* I thank you, Cozen, the Gentleman
Was with me, and but newly parted hence
*Euph.* H' has got a title then by coming hither,
But he may be a Gentleman; his wealth
Will make it good. *Art.* His vertues make it good;
Believe it Cozen, there's a wealthy minde
Within that plain outſide. *Euph.* How is this?
Have your quick-eyes found out his worth already?
*Art.* They muſt be blinde that cannot, when they know him.
Well Cozen, you may laugh at me. *Euph.* By no meanes.
I know your judgment's good. *Art.* As good as 'tis,
It muſt content a woman. When you know him,
You'll finde a man that may deſerve your friendſhip,
And farre above all ſlighting. *Euph.* I am ſorry
I came not ſoone enough; but prethee, Cozen,
What are the wayes have taken thee ſo ſoone?
*Art.* What taking do you meane? you promis'd me
You would not ask the cauſe I ſent for him.

Though

Though you ſhall know hereafter. But I hope
You do not thinke I am in love with him.
*Euph.* I'll looke upon the man, and then reſolve you.
*Arte.* Well, do; perhaps you'll know him better then.
He knowes you well. *Euph.* Me? has he told you how?
*Art.* Did you nere meet one *Theodore* at Venice?
*Euph.* Can this be he? *Art.* Yes, very well: although
He be old *Earthworms* ſonne, and make no ſhew
At home. *Euph.* And have you found out ſo much worth
In him already? *Art.* How do you eſteeme him?
We women well may erre. *Euph.* I ſmell a rat;
And if my brain faile not, have found out all
Your drifts, though nere ſo politickely carry'd.
*Art.* I know your brain Cozen is very good,
But it may faile. *Euph.* It comes into my head
What old Sir *Argent Scrape* told to his Lady, *Aſide.*
His kinſman *Eugeny* lurk'd hereabouts;
He was her ſweet-heart once, and may be ſtill;
I think ſhe's conſtant; though ſhe keep it cloſe.
This *Theodore* and he were fam'd for friendſhip.
I have collected, Cozen, and have at you.
*Art.* Let's hear it, pray. *Euph.* You ſhall; this *Theodore*
I do confeſſe a moſt deſerving man;
And ſo perchance your lover *Eugeny*
Has told you, Cozen! ha? do you begin
To bluſh already? I am ſure thoſe two
Were moſt entirely friends. And I am ſorry
To heare what I have heard to day, concerning
Young *Eugeny*. *Art.* What, prethee Cozen? tell me.
*Euph.* Now you are mov'd; but I may erre you know
*Art.* Good Cozen tell me what. *Euph.* Nay, I believe
I ſhall worſe ſtartle you; though you would make
Such fooles as I beleeve he is in France.
Yes, yes, it may be ſo; and then you know
He's ſafe enough. *Art* Oh Cozen, Ile confeſſe
What you would have me, do but tell me this.
*Euph.* Nay, now, I will not thank you; I have found it.
And though you dealt in riddles ſo with me,
Ile plainely tell you all; and teach you how
You may perchance prevent your lovers danger.
*Art.* Oh I ſhall ever love you; *Euph.* Well, come in;
Ile tell you all, and by what meanes I knew it.

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

# Actus Quartus.

*Earthworme, Iasper.*

*Earth.* OUt villain! how could any fire come there
But by thy negligence? I do not use
To keepe such fires, as should at all endanger
My house, much lesse my barne. *Jas.* I know not Sir,
But there I 'm sure it was, and still continues,
Though without danger now; for the poore people
E e this have quench'd it. *Earth.* There my wonder lyes.
Why should the people come to quench my fire?
Had it been in a city, where one house
Might have endanger'd all, it justly then
Might have engag'd the peoples utmost aide,
And I nere bound to give them thanks at all.
But my house stands alone, and could endanger
No other building. Why should all the people
Come running hither so to quench the fire?
They love not me. *Jas.* Sure Sir, I cannot tell;
Perhaps the people knew not what to do,
And might be glad to see a fight. *Earth.* Me thought
As I came by I saw them wondrous busy,
Nay more, me thought I heard them pray for me,
As if they lov'd me. Why should they do so?
I nere deserv'd it at the peoples hands.
Goe *Jasper*, tell me whether it be quench'd,
And all secure; I long to heare the newes.

*Enter Theodore.*

*Theo.* The fire is quench'd, and little hurt is done.
I come to bring you happy tidings Sir.
*Earth.* That 's well, my sonne. *Theo.* But Sir, if you had seene
How the poore people labour'd to effect it,
And like so many Salamanders rush'd
Into the fire, scorching their cloaths and beards,
You would have wonder'd justly, and have thought
That each man toil'd to save his fathers house,
Or his owne deare estate; but I conceive
'Twas nothing but an honest charity

That

That wrought it in them. *Earth.* Ha! a charity?
Why should that charity be shew'd to me?
*Theod.* If I mistake not strangely, he begins
To apprehend it. *Earth.* As I came along,
I heard them pray for me; but those good prayers
Can never pierce the skyes in my behalf,
But will returne again, and ever lodge
Within those honest breasts, that sent them forth.
*Theod.* Surely it workes. *Earth.* Oh! all the world but I
Are honest men. *Theod.* What is't that troubles you?
Your goods are safe; there's nothing lost at all.
You should rejoice methinkes. You might have suffer'd
A wondrous losse in your estate. *Earth.* Ah sonne!
'Tis not the thought of what I might have lost
That drawes these teares from me. *Theod.* Doe's he not weepe?
Or do my flattering hopes deceive my sight?
He weepes, and fully too; large showers of teares
Bedew his aged cheekes. Oh happy sorrow
That makes me weepe for joy! never did sonne
So justly glory in a fathers teares.
Sir, you are sad methinkes. *Earth.* No sadnesse, sonne,
Can be enough to expiate the crimes
That my accursed avarice has wrought.
Where are the poore? *Theod.* Why, Sir, what would you do?
*Earth.* Aske me not, *Theodore*; alas, I feare
Thou art too much my sonne; my bad example
Has done thee much more harme then all the large
Encrease of treasure I shall leave behinde
Can recompence. But leave those wretched thoughts,
And let me teach thee a new lesson now;
But thou art learned *Theodore*, and soone
Wilt finde the reasons of it. *Theod.* Do you please
To speake it, Sir, and I will strive to frame
My self to follow. *Earth.* Where are all the poore?
*Jasper*, goe call them in. Now prethee learne,
(For this late accident may truly teach
A man what value he should set on wealth)
Fire may consume my houses, theeves may steale
My plate and jewels; all my merchandise
Is at the mercy of the windes and seas;
And nothing can be truly term'd mine own,
But what I make mine own by using well.
Those deedes of charity which we have done,
Shall stay for ever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keepe;
The other is not ours. *Theod.* Sir, you have taught me

Not

Not to give any thing at all away.
*Earth.* When I was blinde, my ſonne, and did miſcal
My ſordid vice of avarice true thrift.
But now forget that leſſon, I prethee do;
That coſening vice, although it ſeeme to keepe
Our wealth, debars us from poſſeſſing it,
And makes us more then poore. *Theod.* How farre beyond
All hope, my happy project workes upon him!

*Enter Neighbours.*

*Earth.* Y'are welcome *Neighbours*, welcome heartily.
I thank you all, and will hereafter ſtudy
To recompence your undeſerved love.
My houſe ſhall ſtand more open to the poore,
More hoſpitable, and my wealth more free
To feed and cloath the naked hungry ſoules.
I will redeem the ill that I have done,
(If heaven be pleas'd to ſpare me life a while)
With true unfained deedes of charity.
1 *Neigh.* We thank your worſhip. 2 *Neigh.* We know ful well
Your worſhip has a good heart toward us.
*Earth.* Alas, you do not know it, but have had
Too ſad a cauſe to know the contrary:
Pray do not thank me till you truly finde
How much my heart is chang'd from what it was;
Till you by real and ſubſtantial deedes
Shall ſee my penitence, and be fully taught
How to forget or pardon all the errours
Of that my former miſerable life.
*Jaſper*, go in with them; ſhew them the way
Into my houſe. *Jaſ.* I think I had need to ſhew um;
No poore folkes heretofore have us'd this way.
*Earth.* And Ile come to you, *Neighbours*, preſently.
1 *Neigh.* Long may you live. 2 *Neigh.* All happineſſe betide you.
3 *Neigh.* And a reward fourfold in th'other world.
*Earth.* How doſt thou like this muſicke, *Theodore*?
I meane the hearty prayers of the poore,
Whoſe curſes pierce more then two-edged ſwords.
What comfort like to this, can riches give!
What joy can be ſo great, as to be able
To feede the hungry, cloath the naked man?
*Theod.* Now, Sir, you think aright; for to beſtow
Is greater pleaſure farre then to receive.
*Earth.* No vice, ſo much as avarice, deprives
Our life of ſweeteſt comforts, and debarres
So much the fair ſociety of men.

I taught thee once farre otherwiſe; but now
Stu!y this laſt and better leſſon, ſonne.
*Theod.* With more delight then ere I did the former.
You never yet knew ſcholar covetous.
*Earth.* And now I think on 't, *Theodore*, I have
A neece, the daughter of my only ſiſter,
Her mother dy'd a widow two years ſince.
How ſhee has left her orphan daughter there
I do not know; if ſhe have left her ill,
Ile be a father to her; prethee, goe
Enquire her out, and bring her to my houſe,
How well ſoere the world may goe with her.
Bountie's a ſpice of vertue, whoſo can,
And won't, relieve the poore, he is no man.
*Theod.* Where lives ſhee, Sir? *Earth.* 'Tis not a mile from hence,
In the next village; thou nere ſaw'ſt her yet;
But fame has ſpoke her for a vertuous maide.
Yong *Scudmore*, while he liv'd, and was poſſeſt
Of his eſtate, thought to have marry'd her;
Whoſe death (they ſay) ſhee takes moſt heavily,
And with a wondrous conſtant ſorrow mournes.
*The.* Sure 'tis the ſame faire maid. *Earth.* Her name 's *Matilda*.
*Theod.* The very ſame; I can enquire her out,
And, if you pleaſe, will preſently about it.
*Earth.* Do, while I my *Neighbours* viſit: he doth live
Mighty, that hath the power and will to give.
*Theod.* This is the ſame faire nightingal that tun'd
Her ſweet ſad accents lately to the woods,
And did ſo farre enthral my heart; but that
Fond love is vaniſh'd. Like a kinſman now
Ile comfort her, and love her vertuous ſoule.
Oh what a bleſſed change this day has wrought
In my old father's heart! you powers that gave
Thoſe thoughts, continue them: this day will I
Still celebrate as my nativity. *Exit.*

## *Lady Covet. Fruitful.*

*La. Cov.* But is that lawful to convey away
All my eſtate before I marry him?
*Fruit.* 'Tis more then lawful, Madam, I muſt tell you
'Tis neceſſary, and you Ladyſhip
Is bound in conſcience ſo to do, for elſe
'Twill be no longer yours, but all is his
When he has marry'd you. You cannot then
Diſpoſe of any thing to pious uſes;

You

You cannot ſhew your charity at all,
But muſt be govern'd by Sir *Argent Scrape*;
And can you tell how he 'll diſpoſe of it?
*La. Cov.* 'Tis true, perchance he 'll take my money all,
And purchaſe for himſelf, to give away
To his own name, and put me while I live
To a poore ſtipend. *Fruit.* There you think aright.
You can relieve no friends, you can bequeath
Nothing at all, if he ſurvive you, Madam,
As 'tis his hope he ſhall. *La. Cov.* That hope may faile him.
I am not yet ſo weak, but I may hop
Over his grave. *Fruit.* That is not in our knowledge.
But if you do ſurvive him, as I hope,
Madam, you will; there is no law at all
Can barre you of your thirds in all his land,
And you beſides are Miſtris of your own.
And all the charitable deedes which you
After your death ſhall do, as building ſchooles
Or hoſpitals, ſhall goe in your own name;
Which otherwiſe Sir *Argent Scrape* would have,
And with your Riches build himſelf a fame.
*La. Cov.* I grant 'tis true: but will it not ſeeme ſtrange
That I ſhould ſerve him ſo? *Fruit.* Strange, Madam? no;
Nothing is now more uſual; all your widowes
Of *Aldermen*, that marry Lords, of late,
Make over their eſtates, and by that meanes
Retaine a power to curbe their lordly husbands.
When they to raiſe the ruines of their houſes
Do marry ſo, inſtead of purchaſing
What was expected, they do more engage
Their land in thirds for them. *La. Cov.* Well, I muſt truſt
The feoffees then; but they are honeſt men.
*Fru.* You need not fear them, they are zealous men,
Honeſt in all their dealings, and well known
In London, Madam. Will you ſeale it now?

*Enter Truſty.*

*La. Cov.* Yes, have you it? *Fruit.* 'Tis here: here's Mr. *Truſty* too
Your ſteward, Madam: he and I ſhall be
Enow for witneſſes. *La. Cov.* 'Tis true, give me *Deed, ſeale,*
The ſeale. So now diſpoſe of it as I *Ink. Seales and*
Entended, Mr. *Fruitful.* *Fruit.* I will, Madam. *delivers.*
*La. Cov. Truſty*, come you along with me. *Exeunt.*
*Fruit.* Now all our ends are wrought; this is the thing *Ma-*
Which I ſo long have labour'd to effect. *net Fruitful.*

Old covetous Lady, I will purge your minde
Of all this Wealth, that lay ſo heavy there,
And by evacuation make a cure
Of that your golden Dropſy, whoſe ſtrange thirſt
Could ne'er be ſatisfy'd with taking in.
You once had Wealth. But ſoft, let me conſider;
If ſhe ſhould marry old Sir *Argent Scrape*,
We could not keep it; for his money then
Would make a Suit againſt us, and perchance
Recover hers again. Which to prevent,
I will go ſpoil the marriage preſently.
The ſight of this will ſoon forbid the Banes,
And ſtop his love. Then ſhe wants means to ſue us.
Be ſure to keep thine Adverſary poor,
If thou would'ſt thrive in Suits. The way to ſcape
Revenge for one wrong, is to do another:
The ſecond injury ſecures the former.
I'll preſently to old Sir *Argent Scrape*,
And tell him this; he's meditating now
What ſtrange additions to his large Revenue
Are coming at one happy clap, what heaps
Of Wealth to morrow he ſhall be poſſeſt of.
What purchaſes to make, how to diſpoſe
Of her and hers. But ſoft, the Cards muſt turn.
The man muſt be deceiv'd, and ſhe much more.
To cozen the deceitful is no fraud. *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Argent Scrape.*

*Scra.* Methinks a youthful vigour doth poſſeſs
My late ſtiffe limbs, and like a Snake, I feel
A ſecond Spring ſucceed my age of Winter.
Oh Gold! how cordial, how reſtorative
Art thou? What though thou canſt not give me legs,
Nor active hands? Alas, I need them not;
Poſſeſt of thee, I can command the Legs,
The Hands, the Tongues, the Brains of other men
To move for me. What need he Hands or Brains
That may command the Lawyers ſubtilty,
The Souldiers valour, the beſt Poets wit,
Or any Writers skill? Oh Gold! to thee
The Sciences are ſervants, the beſt Trades
Are but thy ſlaves, indeed thy creatures rather;
For thee they were invented, and by thee
Are ſtill maintain'd. 'Tis thou alone that art
The nerves of War, the ſement of the State,
And guide of humane Actions. 'Tis for thee

Old

Old *Argent* lives. Oh what a golden ſhower
Will rain on me to morrow! Let me ſee,
Her perſonal Eſtate alone will buy
Upon good rates a thouſand pound a yeer.
Where muſt that lie? Not in our Country here,
Not all together; no, then my Revenue
Will have too great a notice taken of it;
I ſhall be rais'd in Subſidies, and ſeſs'd
More to the poor: No, no, that muſt not be.
I'll purchaſe all in parcels, far from home,
And cloſely as I can; a piece in *Cornwal*,
In *Hampſhire* ſome, ſome in *Northumberland*.
I'll have my Factors forth in all thoſe parts,
To know what prodigals there be abroad,
What penyworths may be had: ſo it ſhall be.

*Enter Fruitful.*

Ha, Mr. *Fruitful!* welcom, how go the ſquares?
What do you think of me to make a Bridegroom?
Do I look young enough? *Fruit.* Sir, I am come
To tell you news, ſuch news as will perhaps
A little trouble you; but if your Worſhip
Should not have known it, 'twould have vex'd you more.
*Scra.* Vex'd me? what's that can vex me now? ſpeak man.
*Fruit.* I thought that I was bound in conſcience Sir
To tell it you; 'tis conſcience, and the love
I bear to Truth, makes me reveal it now.
*Scra.* What is the buſineſs? ſpeak. *Fruit.* Do not ſuppoſe
That I am treacherous to my Lady *Covet*
To whom I do belong, in uttering this.
In ſuch a caſe I ſerve not her but Truth,
And hate diſhoneſt dealing. *Scra.* Come to'th' purpoſe.
*Fruit.* Then thus it is; My Lady *Covet*, Sir,
Meerly to cozen you, has paſt away
Her whole Eſtate; you ſhall not get a peny
By marrying her. *Scra.* How man? is't poſſible?
*Fruit.* 'Tis very certain Sir, I for a need
Could ſhew you the Conveyance, for my hand
Is as a Witneſs there, ſo is her Stewards.
*Scra.* Oh horrible deceit! *Fruit.* Ask her her ſelf;
If ſhe deny it, I can juſtifie it;
So can her Steward too. *Scra.* You make me mad.
*Fruit.* I keep you from being ſo, by a mature
Prevention of your cozening. *Scra.* O what hopes
Am I fall'n from? who would believe theſe falſe
Deceitful creatures? *Fruit.* Sir, I could but wonder
That ſhe would cheat ſo honeſt a Gentleman,

That

That came a Suiter to her for pure love.
*Scra.* Love? miſchief of love. *Fruit.* Alas, I know
It was not her Eſtate that you ſought after,
Your love was honeſter; and then that ſhe
Should cozen you? *Scra.* She ſhall not cozen me.
I'll have my Horſe-Litter made ready ſtraight,
And leave her houſe. *Fruit.* But when you ſee her Sir,
It may be your affection will return.
If you ſhould leave her onely upon this,
The world would think that you were covetous;
And covetouſneſs is ſuch a ſin you know.
*Scra.* You do not mock me, do you? *Fruit.* Who, I Sir?
I know your Worſhip do's abhor the ſin
Of covetouſneſs; But I confeſs indeed
'Twould vexe a man to have been cozened ſo.
*Sir Arg.* Have I liv'd all this while to be o'rereach'd
And cheated by a woman? I'll forſake her
Immediately. *Fruit.* Sir, 'tis a happy thing
When men can love with ſuch diſcretion,
As to forſake, when they ſhall ſee juſt cauſe.
Some are ſo fond in their affections,
That though provok'd by all the injuries
That can be off'red, they can never leave
The Miſtriſs of their Hearts. *Sir Arg.* I warrant her
For any ſuch affection in old *Argent.*
*Fruit.* I do believe it Sir, you are too wiſe.

*Enter Lady Covet.*

*Lad. Cov.* How do you Sir? *Arg.* E'ene as I may.
You do not mean I ſhall be e're the better
For you. *Lad. Cov.* How's this? I do not underſtand
What you ſhould mean. *Arg.* You may, if you conſider:
But if you do not, I'll explain it to you.
Have I deſerv'd ſuch dealing at your hands?
*Cov.* As what? *Arg.* As that you ſhould ſpeak one thing to me,
And mean another; But I'll make it plainer;
You ſeem'd to love me, and for love it ſeems,
Thinking to marry me, have made away
All your Eſtate. *Cov.* How's this? *Arg.* Nay 'tis too true,
Or elſe your Chaplain do's you wrong. *Cov.* Oh Villain!
*Arg.* Nay Villain him no Villains; is it ſo
Or not? *Fruit.* If ſhe deny it to you Sir,
I can produce her hand, and have the Deed.
*Cov.* Oh monſtrous villainy! Oh impudence!
Can'ſt thou abuſe me thus, that firſt of all
Did'ſt counſel me to do it? *Fruit.* I confeſs

I gave you way, and for the time did wink
At your falſe dealing; but at laſt my conſcience
Would not permit me to conceal it longer.
I have diſcharg'd it now, and told the truth.
*Arg.* 'Twas well done of you, Sir; well, I'll away.
Madam, ſeek out ſome other man to cheat,
For me you ſhall not. *Cov.* Stay Sir, my Eſtate
Shall ſtill be good; the Feoffees will be honeſt.
*Fruit.* I, that they will, to keep what is their own.
*Cov.* Oh monſtrous wickedneſs! was e're the like
Heard of before? *Fruit.* I know the Feoffee mindes.

*Enter Freeman, Euphues, Barnet, Dotterel, Whimſey.*

*Free* How fare you Madam? Wherefore look you ſadly
At ſuch a joyful time? *Cov.* Oh Mr. *Freeman*
I am undone, and ruin'd. *Fruit.* No, good Madam,
We'll ſee you ſhall not want *Free.* How's this?
*Fruit.* You ſhall have a fair competence allow'd you.
*Euph.* What riddle have we here? *Cov* Out thou ungratious
Diſſembling Villain. *Fruit.* An indifferent means
Will keep your Ladyſhip; for you are paſt
Thoſe vanities which younger Ladies uſe;
You need no gaudy clothes, no change of Faſhions,
No Paintings nor Perfumes. *Euph.* I would fain know
The bottom of this. *La. Whi* Servant, can you diſcover
What this ſhould mean? *Dott* No Miſtriſs, I proteſt,
With all the wit I have. *Fruit.* And for your Houſe,
You ſhall have leave to ſtay here, till we have
Provided for you. *Cov.* Oh my heart will break!
*Euph.* Here is the fineſt turn that e're I ſaw
*Arg.* I will reſolve you Gentlemen; This Lady
To cozen me in marriage, had it ſeems
Paſt her Eſtate away; into what hands
'Tis fall'n I know not, nor I care not, I.
*Fruit.* 'Tis fall'n into the hands of wiſe men, Sir,
That know how to make uſe of what is theirs.
*Cov* This hypocrite perſwaded me to do't,
And then diſcover'd all, as if on purpoſe
He ſought my ruine. *Fruit.* No not I, good Madam;
'Twas for your ſoules health; I have done you good,
And eas'd you of a burden, and a great one
So much Eſtate would have been ſtill a cauſe
Of cares unto you; and thoſe cares have hinder'd
Your quiet paſſage to a better life.

*Euph.*

*Euph.* Excellent divel! how I love him now.
Never did knavery play a juſter part.
*Fru.* And why ſhould you at ſuch an age as this
Dreame of a marriage, a thing ſo farre
Unfit, nay moſt unnatural, and prophane,
To ſtain that holy ordinance, and make it
But a meere bargain? for two clods of earth
Might have been join'd as well in matrimony.
'Tis for your ſoules health, Madam, I do this.
*Euph.* How much was I miſtaken in this Chaplaine?
I ſee h'has braines. *Free.* Though 't be diſhoneſty
In him, yet juſtly was it plac'd on her!
And I could even applaud it. *Lad. Whim.* I proteſt,
I love this Chaplain. *Dot.* So do I, ſweet Miſtris,
Or I am an errant foole. *Cov.* But yet I hope,
The feoffees may prove honeſt; Ile try them.
*Fru.* Ile goe and bring them to your Ladyſhip. *Exit Fruitful.*
*Arg.* Ile ſtay no longer; make my Litter ready.
Lady farewel; and to you all. *Free.* Nay, Sir,
Then let me interpoſe; let me entreat you
By all the rites of neighbourhood, *Sir Argent*,
Make not ſo ſuddain a departure now.
What though the buſineſſe have gone ſo croſſe?
You may part fairly yet. Stay till to morrow:
Let not the country take too great a notice
Of theſe proceedings and ſtrange breach; 't will be
Nothing but a diſhonour to you both.
Pray Sir, conſent; give me your hand, *Sir Argent.*
*Arg.* At your entreaty, *Sir*, Ile ſtay till morning.
*Free.* Before that time you may conſider better. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

*Actus*

# Actus Quintus.

*Matilda, Theodore.*

*Mat.* I'Ll not refuſe my Uncles courteſie,
But go and ſee his Houſe; I ſhould before
Have done that duty to him, but I thought
My viſits were not welcom, ſince he liv'd
So cloſe and privately. *Theod.* Sweet Coz', you'll finde
A happy alteration in my Father,
And that there dwels a kinde and honeſt ſoul
Within his breſt; though wretched Avarice
The uſual fault of age, have heretofore
Too much kept back the good expreſſions
Of ſuchlike thoughts, he now will make a mends
To all the world, and has begun already
With his poor Neighbours. *Mat.* Cozen, I ſhall be
Too bad a Gueſt at this ſad time, and bring
Nothing but ſorrow to my Uncles houſe.
*Theod.* You'll be your ſelf a welcom Gueſt to him;
And I ſhall think our roof exceeding happy
If it may mitigate that killing grief
Which your ſo ſolitary life too much
Has nouriſh'd in you Cozen, feed it not;
'Tis a diſeaſe that will in time conſume you.
I have already giv'n the beſt advice
That my poor knowledge will afford, to eaſe
Your troubled thoughts If time which heaven allows
To cure all grief, ſhould not have power to do it;
If death of Father, Mother, Husband, Wife,
Should be lamented ſtill, the world would wear
Nothing but black. Sorrow alone would reign
In every Family that lives, and bring
Upon poor Mortals a perpetual night.
You muſt Forget it, Cozen. *Mat* Never can I
Forget my love to him. *Theod.* Nor do I ſtrive
To teach you to forget that love you bear
To his dear memory, but that grief which lies
Wrapt in amongſt it, and turns all to Poyſon;
Making it mortal to that ſoul that taſtes it.

'Tis that, ſweet Cozen, which I hope that time
May by degrees extinguiſh. Will you pleaſe
To walk along? my Father long ere this
Expects us I am ſure, and longs to ſee you. *Exeunt.*

## *Eugeny in the Officers Hands.*

*Eug.* I blame you not at all, that by the Law
And vertue of your places, are requir'd
To apprehend me. *Offi.* We are ſorry, Sir,
We were inforc'd to ſee you. *Eug.* But I wonder
What curious eye it was that ſearch'd ſo far
Into my ſecret walks, that did diſcover
This dark abode of mine, and envy'd me
My ſolitary ſorrow; ſuch a life
As I enjoy'd, a man might well afford
To his moſt great and mortal Enemy.
*Offi* 'Twas a plain fellow, Sir, that brought us hither,
In the Kings name, and left us when we had you.
But Sir, we wiſh you all the good we may
*Eug.* I thank you Friends; I cannot tell at all
Whom to ſuſpect, nor will I further vex
My thoughts in ſearch of ſuch a needleſs thing.
I call to minde what once my *Theodore*
Told me by way of a ſurmiſe, but ſure
It cannot be ſo foul; ſhall I entreat you
To carry me to old Sir *Argent Scrape*
My Kiſman? I would onely ſpeak with him
Before I go to priſon; And let one,
If you can ſpare a man, go run for me
To Mr. *Earthworm*'s houſe, and bid his ſon
Meet me with old *Sir Argent*; he lies now
At my Lady *Covets* houſe: I have about me
What will reward your pains, and highly too.
*Offi.* It ſhall be done as you would have it, Sir.
*Eug.* I dare not ſend to fair *Artemia*:
The ſight of her, and of ſo dear a ſorrow
As ſhe would ſhew, would but afflict me more.
Perchance I may come ſafely off; till then
I would conceal this accident from her.
But Fame is ſwifteſt ſtill when ſhe goes laden
With news of miſchief. She too ſoon will hear,
And in her ſorrow I ſhall doubly ſuffer.
Thus are we Fortunes paſtimes, one day live
Advanc'd to Heaven by the peoples breath,
The next hurl'd down into th' Abyſs of death.

*Enter*

*Enter Euphues, Artemia.*

*Euph.* But are you ſure 'tis hereabouts he lives?
Ha! who is that? 'tis he, and in the hands
Of Officers; Cozen, the miſchief's done
Before we come. *Art.* O my dear *Eugeny!*
*Eug.* *Artemia* too? Ay me! ſhe ſwoons: help, help!
Look up, my Love; there is no fear at all
For me; no danger, all is ſafe, and full
Of hope and comfort. *Euph.* She begins to come
Unto her ſelf again. *Eug.* But pray Sir, tell,
How came you hither, Noble *Euphues?*
*Euph.* I never knew the place; but now by her
Inſtructions found it out: I came to bear
Her company; and her intent of comming
Was to inform you of a danger neer,
Of ſuch a monſtrous miſchief, as perchance
You ſcarce can credit; old *Sir Argent Scrape*
By me, and by another Gentleman,
Was overheard to ſay, That he had Scouts,
And had laid certain plots to apprehend
His Kinſman *Eugeny* juſt before th'Aſſizes,
Beſides what further means he did intend
Cloſely to work your death, he then declar'd
To the old covetous Lady, whom he came
A Suiter to. *Eug.* Prophetick *Theodore*,
How right thou wert! *Euph.* This thing when I had heard,
I told it her; and we with ſpeed made hither,
But ere we came, the miſchief was fulfil'd.
*Eug.* I thank you, Sir, for this diſcovery:
How ere I ſpeed, pray pardon me, if I
Shall by the Hand of Juſtice, die your Debtor.
How ſoon from Vertue, and an honoured Spirit,
Man may receive what he can never merit!
Be not thou cruel, my *Artemia*;
Do not torment me with thy grief, and make
Me die before my time; let hope a while
Suſpend thy ſorrow; if the worſt ſhould fall,
Thy ſorrow would but more enfeeble me,
And make me ſuffer faintly for thy ſake.
*Art.* If worſt ſhould fall, my Love (which Heaven forefend)
How could I chuſe but ſuffer? *Euph.* I will hope
Your ſafety yet may well be wrought, and knowing
*Sir Argent's* minde, you know what wayes to truſt.
*Art.* Good Cozen help us with thy counſel now,
If thou do'ſt love my life. *Euph.* Fear it not Coz';

If I may aide you, Sir, in any thing,
You ſhall command it. *Eug.* Sir, I cannot thank you
So much as it deſerves; this timely favour,
If not in life, yet ſhall at leaſt in death
Endeare me to you. *Art.* Do not name that word,
My deareſt love. *Euph.* You muſt be ſpeedy, Sir,
In all your courſes now. *Eug.* Then let me begge
That you would meet me at my *Lady Covets.*
Ile ring Sir *Argent Scrape* ſo loud a peale,
As ſhall perchance awake his bedder'd ſoule,
And rowze it, though ſo deepely ſunke in droſſe,
Drown'd and orewhelm'd with mucke. Goe you together,
And leave me to my way. *Art.* Farewel deare love. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Barnet. Lady Whimſey.*

*Bar.* Madam, 'tis ſure; I know your Ladyſhip
Is ſo poſſeſt. *La. Whim* I think he loves me well,
And will not now ſtart backe from marrying me.
*Bar.* That is the happy hour he only longs for,
But if ſo ſtrange a thing ſhould come to paſſe,
(Which yet I think impoſſible) that this
Your marriage ſhould break off; I will give backe
Into your hand this bond which I receiv'd;
And 'tis worth nothing, Madam, as you know
By the condition. *La. Whim.* True, I fear it not;
But I durſt truſt you if 'twere otherwiſe.
*Bar.* He waits the hour when you will pleaſe to ty
The happy knot with him. *La. Whim.* He ſhall no longer
Waite for it now; Ile goe confirme him.
*Bar.* But think not, Gentle-Madam, that I ſharke,
Or cheat him in it; I have to a ſum
Greater then this from him as good a title
As right can give; though my unhappy fortunes
Made me forbeare the tryal of my title
Whiles his old crafty father was alive;
He held from me a farme of greater value,
As all the *Neighbours* know; I then forbore it,
And will do ſtill, ſince by an eaſyer way
I may have ſatisfaction. But here comes

*Enter Truſty. Lady Covet.*

One that has loſt a marriage. *La Cov.* Tell me, *Truſty,*
What ſay the feoffees? *Tru.* They'll ſay nothing, Madam,
Make me no anſwer, but that they know how
To manage their own fortunes. *La. Cov.* All the world
Conſpires againſt me; I am quite undone.
*Tru.* I promiſe you truly, Madam, I believe
They meane little better then plain knavery.

*La.*

*La. Cov.* I, 'tis too true. *La. whim.* How does your Ladyſhip?
I was in hope to day we ſhould have ſeen you
A joyful Bride. *Cov.* Ah Madam, 'twas my folly
To dream of ſuch a thing; 'tis that has brought me
To all this ſorrow, and undone me quite.
*Whim.* I hope not ſo, But, Madam, I confeſſe,
The marriage could have done you little good;
One of your years, and then a man ſo old.
*Cov.* Oh do not mention it; I am juſtly puniſh'd.
*Whim.* Pardon me, Madam, I muſt make ſo bold
As leave you for a while. Come Mr. *Barret*,
Shall we goe ſee the party? I wait you, Madam. *Exeunt.*
*Cov.* My ſorrow will not leave me. But, alas!
'Tis a deſerved puniſhment I ſuffer
For my unjuſt oppreſſions; I detain'd
*Scudmore's* eſtate injuriouſly, and had
No conſcience to reſtore what was not mine:
And now all's tane away; what then I would not,
I cannot now performe, though I deſire.

*Enter Freeman. Artemia.*

*Free.* Feare not, *Artemia*, there ſhall no meanes
Be left untry'd to ſave the Gentleman.
I did approve thy choice, and ſtill will do,
If fortune will conſent. My *Lady Covet*,
Are you ſad ſtill? *Cov.* Never had any woman
A greater cauſe of ſorrow, Mr. *Freeman*,
For I proteſt it does not trouble me
So much, that by this cheat I loſe the power
Of my eſtate, as that I loſe all meanes
Of charity, or reſtitution,
To any perſon whom I wrong'd before.
*Free.* Why then you make a true and perfect uſe
Of ſuch a croſſe, and may hereafter take
True comfort from it. *Cov.* If my conſcience
Were ſatisfi'd, I could forſake the reſt.

*Enter Euphues.*

*Euph.* My Cozen I perceive has made more haſt
Hither then I; but I have ſeen a pageant
That in the ſaddeſt time would make one laugh.
*Free.* What, prethee? *Euph.* I have ſeen your neighbour *Earth-worm*
In ſuch a mood as you would wonder at,
And all that ever knew him heretofore.
He is inveighing 'gainſt Sir *Argent Scrape*
For being ſo baſely covetous, as thus

For

For hope of lucre to betray his kinſman;
A thing that he himſelf would ſcorne as much,
He does proteſt, as can be. *Free.* I have known
It otherwiſe; what may not come to paſſe
When *Earthworm* is a foe to avarice?
*Euph.* But he they ſay has made it good in deedes.
*Free.* He has been ſo exceeding bountiful
Now to our poore, and vowes to be ſo ſtill,
That we may well beleeve he is quite chang'd,
And ſtrives to make amends for what is paſt.
He has they ſay a brave and vertuous ſonne
Lately come home, that has been cauſe of all.
*Euph.* It well may be; I know yong *Theodore*;
Uncle, he is of ſtrange abilities,
And to convert his father was an act
Worthy of him.

*Enter ſervant, and Sir Argent in his chaire.*

*Serv.* Madam, Sir *Argent Scrape* would take his leave
Of you. *Cou.* When it pleaſe him. *Arg.* Get me my litter
Ready preſently, I will be gone, Madam,
I now am come to give you loving thanks
For my good cheare, and ſo bid you farewel:
But let me tell you this before we part,
Things might have been carryed another way
For your own good; but you may thank your ſelf
For what has happen'd now. *Cou.* If you ſuppoſe
It had been for my good to marry you,
You are deceiv'd, for that in my eſteem
(Though once I was ſo fooliſh to give way
To that ridiculous motion) had brought with it
As great a miſery as that which now
Is fall'n upon me. *Arg.* How, as great a miſery
As to be begger'd? *Cou.* Yes Sir, Ile aſſure you
I am of that opinion, and ſtill ſhall be:
But know, Sir *Argent*, though I now want power
To give you that which you ſtill gap'd for, wealth,
I can be charitable, and beſtow
Somewhat upon you that is better farre.
*Arg.* Better then wealth? what's that? *Cou.* Honeſt counſel:
Let my calamitie admoniſh you
To make a better uſe of your large wealth,
While you may call it yours: things may be chang'd:
For know, that hand that has afflicted me,
Can fin out you: you do not ſtand above it.
*Arg.* I hope I ſhall know how to keepe mine own.

*Euph.*

*Euph.* I do begin to pity the poore Lady.
*Free.* This has wrought goodneſs in her. Who are theſe?

*Enter Earthworm and Theodore.*

My neighbour *Earthworm*? Lord! how he is chang'd.
*Earth.* 'Twas baſely done, and like a covetous wretch,
Ile tell him to his face: what care I for him?
I have a purſe, as well as he. *Euph.* How's this?
*Earth.* Betray a kinſmans life to purchaſe wealth?
Oh deteſtable! *Euph.* Oh miraculous change!
Do you not heare him Uncle? *Earth.* Mr. *Freeman*,
Happily met. *Free.* Sir I am glad to ſee you.
*Earth.* I have been long your neighbour Sir, but liv'd
In ſuch a faſhion as I muſt indeavour
To make a mends hereafter for, and ſtrive
To recompence with better neighbourhood.
*Free.* It joyes me much to ſee this change in you.
*Earth.* Pardon my boldneſs, Madam, that I make
This intruſion. *Cov.* Y'are welcome, Mr. *Earthworm.*
*Euph.* Let me be bold then, noble *Theodore*,
To claime our old acquaintance. *Theod.* I ſhall think it
My honour, worthy Sir, to hold that name.
*Earth.* Is that Sir *Argent Scrape* in the chair yonder?
*Free.* Yes, Sir. *Earth.* Oh fy upon him: but ſoft, *Eugeny*
He will be told on't now. *Arg.* Ha! *Eugeny*, *brought in.*
Why have they brought him hither? *Eug.* I am come:
Me thinks theſe looks of mine, inhumane wretch,
Though I were ſilent, ſhould have power to pierce
That treacherous breaſt, and wound thy conſcience
Though it be hard, and ſenſeleſs, as the idol
Which thou ador'ſt, thy gold. *Arg.* Is this to me,
Kinſman, you ſpeak? *Eug.* Kinſman? do not wrong
That honeſt name, with thy unhallowed lips.
To finde a name for thee, and thy foule guilt,
Has ſo farre poſ'd me, as I cannot make
Choice of a language fit, to tell thee of it:
Treacherous bloody man, that haſt betray'd
And ſold my life to thy baſe avarice.
*Arg.* Who, I betray you? *Eug.* Yes, can you deny it?
*Cov.* Ile witneſs it againſt him, if he do.
'Twas his intent I know. *Euph.* And ſo do I,
I overheard his counſels. *Earth.* Out upon him,
Unworthy man. *Euph.* I could e'ene laugh to heare
Old *Earthworm* chide. *Eug.* But think upon the deed,
Think on your own decrepid age, and know,
That day by natures poſſibilitie
Cannot be farre from hence, when you muſt leave
Thoſe wealthy hoords that you ſo baſely lov'd,

And

And carry nothing with thee, but the guilt
Of impious getting; then if you would give
To pious uſes what you cannot keep,
Think what a wretched Charity it is;
And know, this Act ſhall leave a greater ſtain
On your deteſted memory, then all
Thoſe ſeeming deeds of Charity can have
A power to waſh away; when men ſhall ſay,
In the next age, This goodly Hoſpital,
This houſe of Alms, this School, though ſeeming fair,
Was the foul iſſue of a curſed murther,
And took foundation in a Kinſmans Blood.
The priviledge that rich men have in evil,
Is, that they go unpuniſh'd to the Devil.

*Arg.* Oh! I could with the deed undone again:
Ah me! What means are left to help it now?

*Free.* Sure the old man begins to melt indeed.

*Eug.* Now let me turn to you, my truer Friends, *Enter Fruiſful*
And take my laſt farewell. *Euph.* My noble Chaplain, *& Truſty.*
What pranks comes he to play now? I had thought
His buſineſs had been done. *Fruit.* Health to you Madam.

*Cov.* How can you wiſh me health, that have ſo labour'd
To ruine me in all things? *Fruit.* No, good Madam,
'Twas not your ruine, but your good I ſought.
Nor was it to deprive you of your means,
But onely rectifie your conſcience.

*Free.* How's this? *Euph.* Another fetch; this may be worth
The hearing. *Fruit.* Madam, you convey'd away
To three good Honeſt men, your whole Eſtate.

*Cov.* They have not prov'd ſo honeſt; I had thought
I might have truſted them. *Fruit.* Then give me hearing:
They by the vertue of that Deed poſſeſt,
Have back again convey'd it all to you.

*Cov.* Ha? *Fruit.* Madam, 'twas done before good Witneſſes,
Of which your Steward here, was one. *Truſt.* Moſt true.

*Fruit.* And all the other are well known to you;
Here is the Deed. *Free.* Let me peruſe it Madam.

*Cov.* Good Mr *Freeman* do. *Euph.* What plot is this? *Freeman*
*Fruit.* One Mannor onely they except from hence, *reads it to*
Which they ſuppoſe you did unjuſtly hold *himſelf*
From the true Heir; his name was *Scudmore*, Madam.

*Cov.* I do confeſs I did unjuſtly hold it,
And ſince have grieved much, that while I might,
I made not reſtitution. *Fruit.* He was poor,
And by the Law could not recover it,
Therefore this means was taken; by this Deed

They

They have convey'd it hither, where it ought
Of right to be: are you content with this?
And all the reſt of your Eſtate is yours.
*Cov.* With all my heart. *Free.* Madam, the Deed is good.
*Cov.* For that Eſtate which juſtly is paſs'd over
To *Scudmores* Heir, I am ſo well content,
As that, before theſe Gentlemen, I promiſe
To pay him back all the Arrearages
Of whatſoever profits I have made.
*Fruit.* I thank your Ladyſhip; Now know your Chaplain
That wanted Orders. *Cov.* Mr. *Scudmore* living! *diſcovers himſelf.*
*Euph.* My Friend, how could'ſt thou keep conceal'd ſo long
From me? *Scud.* Excuſe it, noble *Euphues.*
*Arte.* Oh happineſs! beyond what could be hop'd!
My *Eugeny* is ſafe, and all his griefs
At quiet now. *Eug.* Is this a viſion,
A meer fantaſtick ſhew? or do I ſee
*Scudmore* himſelf alive? then let me beg
Pardon from him. *Scud.* Long ago 'twas granted;
Thy love I now ſhall ſeek: but though a while
For theſe my ends I have conceal'd my ſelf,
I ever meant to ſecure thee from danger.
*Eug.* What ſtrange unlook'd for happineſs this day
Has brought forth with it! *Scud.* To tell you by what means
I was moſt ſtrangely cur'd, and found a way
How to conceal my life, will be too long
Now to diſcourſe of here, I will anon
Relate at large; but one thing much has griev'd me,
That my too long concealment has been cauſe
Of ſo much ſorrow to my conſtant Love,
The fair *Matilda.* Sir, ſhe is your Neece,
Let me intreat my pardon, next to her,
From you. *Earthw.* You have it: Go, good *Theodore,*
And bring her hither, but prepare her firſt:
Too ſudden apprehenſion of a joy
Is ſometimes fatal. *Theod.* I'll about it gladly. *Exit.*
*Euph.* Dear Cozen *Eugeny,* if I yet may be
Thought worthy of that name, pardon my crime,
And my whole life, how ſhort ſoere it be,
Shall teſtifie my love to be unfained.
*Eug.* I do forgive you freely Now to you
Grave Sir, in whoſe rich bounty it muſt lie,
To make me happy, in conferring on me
So bright a Jewel as *Artemia,*
'Tis your conſent I beg. *Free.* You have it freely;
Her heart I know, ſhe gave you long ago,
And here I give her hand. *Eug.* A richer gift

Then any Monarch of the world can give.
Bleſt happyneſs! gently my joyes diſtil,
Leſt you do break the veſſel you ſhould fill.

*Enter Barnet, Dotterel, Whimſey.*

*Euph.* Here comes another couple to make up
The dayes feſtivitie. Joy to you, Madam.
*Whim.* Thanks noble *Euphues*. *Dot.* We have ty'd the knot
That cannot be undone: this Gentleman
Is witneſs of it. *Bar.* Yes, I ſaw it finiſht.
*Whim.* Mrs. *Artemia*, as I ſuppoſe,
I may pronounce as much to you *Art.* You may
As much as I ſhall with your Ladyſhip.

*Enter Theodore and Matilda.*

*Scud.* Here comes the deareſt object of my ſoule,
In whom too much I ſee my cruelty,
And chide my ſelf; Oh pardon me, deare Love,
That I too long a time have tyranniz'd
Over thy conſtant ſorrow. *Mat.* Deareſt *Scudmore*,
But that my worthy Cozen has prepar'd
My heart for this, I ſhould not have believ'd
My flattering eyes. *Scud.* To know brave *Theodore*,
Next to enjoying thee, was my ambition;
Which now affinity hath bleſt me with.
*Eug.* His friendſhip, worthy *Scudmore*, is a treaſure.
*Theod.* I ſhall endeavour to deſerve your loves.
*Earth.* Come, leave your complements, at all hands now,
And hear an old man ſpeak; I muſt entreat
This favour from all this noble company,
Eſpecially from you good Mr. *Freeman*,
Although this be your Daughters wedding-day,
That you would all be pleas'd to be my Gueſts,
And keep with me your marriage-feſtivals.
Grant my requeſt. *Free.* 'Tis granted, Sir, from me.
*Eug.* And ſo I think from all the company.
*Earth.* Then let's be merry, *Earthworme's* jovial now,
And that's as much as he deſires from you.

*F I N I S.*

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